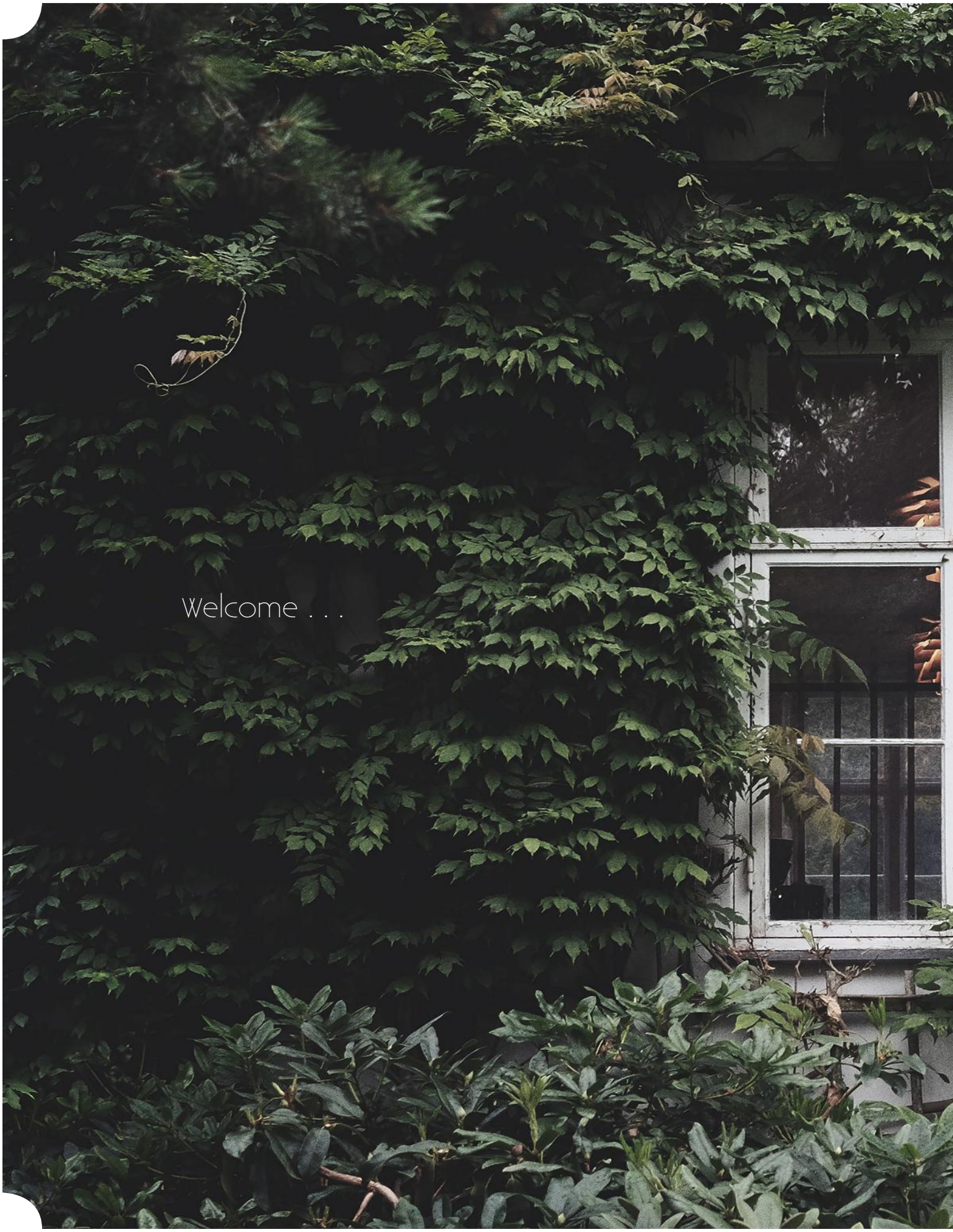
No. 1 | Summer 2019

The Re-Feminized Woman

whitepeoplepress.com

The White People's Quarterly

A magazine *for* us


Welcome . . .

Publisher's note

Thank you for supporting *The White People's Quarterly*—a non-political and family-friendly literary and culture magazine published by The White People's Press. The objective of this publication, and our organization at large, is to raise awareness of white interests and discuss in a mature and productive manner the issues most important to our collective well-being.

The reader will find no profanity, lewdness, or otherwise questionable material in the pages of our publications. We are here to promote positive messaging for white people, and to communicate to them that there is another way—a new direction, one in which many of us are now headed.

The White People's Press

Massimo Rinaldi

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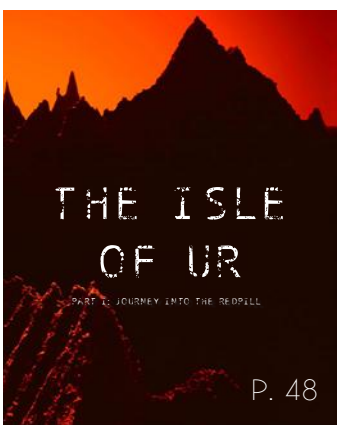

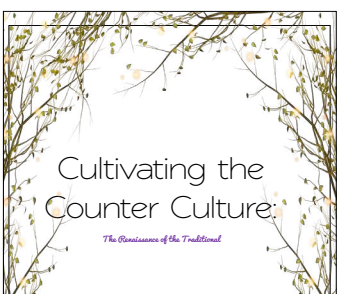

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Men Create our Present
Women Create our Future
WhiteDate.Net

OUR STORY

The White People's Press was founded in December 2018, and made its official launch in July 2019 with the release of the inaugural summer issue of *The White People's Quarterly*. Concerned with the prejudicial practices of the publishing industry, the lack of introductory materials for average white men and women generally, and the diversionary nature of abstract political identities, the founders decided it was time to create an outlet for the change they wanted to see. The White People's Press publishes fiction, non-fiction, literary criticism, book reviews, and more in the form of web content, books, and this magazine. Future plans for the company include a children's book imprint, a series to acquaint the average man and woman with pro-white ideas, and a news outlet with no slant.

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The White People's Quarterly

A magazine *for* us

EDITOR IN CHIEF Tony Vermont
CREATIVE DIRECTOR Jeff Winston
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR Lou Meninspirit
TECHNICAL ADVISOR Joe Cee
COPY EDITOR Amy Davenport
PHOTO EDITOR Casey Westlake
EDITOR AT LARGE Erin Clarke

PUBLISHER

The White People's Press

www.whitepeoplepress.com

+1.505.365.1783

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SUBMISSIONS FOR THE FALL

Submissions for future issues of *The White People's Quarterly* are always open, and pitches are welcome. We are interested in publishing and promoting fiction, creative non-fiction, poetry, literary criticism, book reviews, artwork, photography, and any other creative work that falls outside those categories but fits with our mission. We are always seeking manuscripts and web content as well. More information about submission guidelines is available at:

www.whitepeoplepress.com/submit

All submissions should include an introduction and a description of the work being submitted, and be sent to the following address:

submissions@whitepeoplepress.com.

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Artwork by Aileen

Aileen is an illustrator and sculptor working in both traditional and digital mediums. She lives with her husband and two young children and works to honor the history and culture of white people through images of nature and mythology.

Follow Aileen:
@AileenAltArt

DAS BESTE WURST

recipe of

THE SUMMER

Sauerkraut and Bratwurst

- 1 tbsp oil
- 1 lb fresh bratwurst links (4)
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped
- 1½ cups chicken stock (unsalted)
- 2 cups sauerkraut, drained
- ½ tbsp caraway seeds
- ¼ tbsb mustard seeds or ground mustard
- ½ tbsp sweet paprika

Heat oil in pan over high heat. Brown brats in oil. Reduce heat, then add onions and garlic. Cook until slightly caramelized. Add stock, sauerkraut, and spices. Cover and simmer for one hour. Serve with German mustard.

Recipe courtesy Ashley MacAlisdair

Editor's Letter

It came as the surprise of all surprises that this magazine took off as fast as it did. Being a long-time admirer of literary magazines, but having witnessed their decline as a result of diversity antics and anti-white rhetoric and hiring practices, it was an objective of mine to do what little I could to carry on that important tradition. With such a heavy focus on politics, there weren't many standing up for our literary culture. But our culture involves a lot more than just literature, so *The White People's Quarterly* quickly evolved to encompass a wider swath of material. With so many great writers, artists, and advocates working in a decentralized and digital space, there was a need to centralize that content and present it in a different but time-tested form. We wanted to produce something you could hold in your hand, leave on your parent's coffee table, or give to your brother or sister—something that would convey a simple message to the uninitiated: that it is, as the popular saying now goes, okay to be white.

We are now building a new community and culture that puts us first, and there's nothing wrong with that. It is our obligation. And so, with the help of friends and allies like our Creative Director Jeff Winston, we were able to assemble in short order an excellent lineup and first-class writing for the premiere issue. This includes big names like Jason Köhne and Jared George, short stories and poetry, an album review and a musician profile, a travel piece, an article about becoming a community leader, and more. But the theme of this first issue is "The Re-Feminized Woman," as white women are ultimately the key to our future, and have been misled like the rest of us. We are thus proud to bring you, in addition to other great content, two important pieces by and for women.

On a final note: each of us now acting on behalf of white interests took a different path to get to where we are today. For some, a strong, pro-white identity was already built-in or passed down, so taking that next step was relatively easy. For others, and especially those prone to bend with the moral zeitgeist of their age, accepting that it was okay to be white, and realizing you only ever thought it wasn't because the negative identity you adopted previously was one that was projected onto you by another, was a difficult transition to make. We learn more each day, but as we continue to grow and build a new order, we should never forget that hard truths are always for a bold few, and that we must approach those who do not yet understand what we do with patience and humility.

Tony Vermont, Editor in Chief

@TonyVermont_

Tony Vermont

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Cultivating the Counter Culture:

The Renaissance of the Traditional

by Mina Therese

IN OUR MODERN SOCIETY the downward spiral of degeneracy, disrespect, and disregard for traditional cultural norms and mores accelerates at breakneck speed. By swimming against this tide, we who value our people, our natural biological roles, and our duty to build a future have become the counter culture.

One of the most beautiful aspects of our movement is noticing with awe and pride the young men among us who see a future for themselves as husbands and fathers, and ever-increasing numbers of young women looking forward to becoming wives and mothers. The encouragement, celebration, and guidance to fulfillment of these natural impulses is one of the greatest and most hope-filled ideals we can impart upon our children and younger friends. This focus on our future is vital to the survival of our people. However, concentrating on the future at the expense of the present by failing to address the mature and elders among us would be a mistake. Worse, mocking those of our brethren

---

Mina Therese is a wife, mother, homemaker, traditional Catholic, and proud American.

Follow her online:
@ThereseMina

I recognize my race as separate and beautiful apart from others, and deserving of a separate and beautiful life and future apart from others.

(especially our older brethren) who do not yet share our goals will not win us any converts. And we need more converts.

My own experience serves as example. Today I fully embrace my roles as wife, mother, and homemaker and seek daily to do my best at each of these. I recognize my race as separate and beautiful apart from others, and deserving of a separate and beautiful life and future apart from others. I love my people—our people—and believe it is our right and duty to preserve our heritage and to pass it on to the next generation. These truths were difficult for me to recognize, and even harder for me to eventually accept and embody. In fact, for much of my adult life I considered myself the poster child of liberal feminism.

I never met my Father. He ditched Mother and me soon after discovering a baby was on the way. Intelligent by birth, but hippie at heart, she decided she (and by extension, I) did not need a man. So it was without a man I was raised. There was never a boyfriend (or a girlfriend) for her, and never a positive male role model for me. Men were not an object of scorn as in other feminist circles, they were just not even important enough to be mentioned, much less maligned. Instead it was a "We Can Do It!" Rosie the Riveter attitude, but without returning to the home and stepping aside for the men to resume their work after the war ended.

Providence willed that we were relatively financially stable, and while this was admittedly a blessing, this only served to buoy the nonsensical notion that Mother and Daughter didn't need a Husband or Father. As life has repeatedly shown us these past couple of experimental generations of fatherless

My search for a solution took me backwards, first into my own past and fractured upbringing, then at last to the long past, the past of our ancestors.

families: this is patently false and can have disastrous consequences. As it (nearly) did for me.

No one is surprised when a teenage girl from a broken home adopts feminist principles, becomes rebellious and promiscuous, and falls in with the Wrong Crowd. Even I wasn't surprised. At first. But as years of self-destructive behavior stretched into decades, I slowly and painfully realized that the gaping wound left by an absent father could never be filled by drugs or boyfriends or even by academic success and financial independence.

My search for a solution took me backwards, first into my own past and fractured upbringing, then at last to the long past, the past of our ancestors. Their successful way of life, their passage through millennia that was traversed through tribal homogeneity and not by rebelling against our nature, but by reveling in it. By accepting the burdens and joys alike, we forge ever forward. This is not an effortless task, but it is undeniably essential. I sacrificed whole chunks of my life on the altar of the failed social experiments of the sexual revolution, feminism, and progressivism. But it was not until I stared down middle age did I truly ache for what had been denied me. Once the wretchedness of the zeitgeist broke hold of me, I was free to recognize the natural rhythms of life and assume my role in it, and be fulfilled by it.

If I could find my way, others can too.

Our counter-culture is truly a renaissance of what God had always intended and Nature has always dictated: the beauty of man and woman complementing each other in his and her different roles. And as with any birth, or in our case re-birth, cultivating

it necessarily includes fostering the fledgling among us without neglecting to spread the message to all of our lost brothers and sisters. Men who were weaned on the lie of "toxic masculinity" need to reclaim their birthright as leaders and providers. Just as important are men who were once raised to be authentic men, but somehow went astray along the way or softened with age or apathy or both. We need honorable, masculine, and strong sons, soldiers, and fathers—but we need grandfathers and mentors, too.

Women of childbearing age are reminded monthly of our inherent biological destiny. Ignoring this call to motherhood creates a confusing cognitive dissonance that requires anxious energy to maintain. Older women who suppressed and repressed this imperative often grieve the loss they struggle to utter aloud. The soft, internal voice that whispers, "I wish I'd had children" grows louder as the obvious connections become clearer. "I wish I'd had a family" … "I wish I'd had a husband." Not all women are fertile and conceive children, but all women are created with a distinctly feminine compassion that compels us to nurture and care for our people, our husbands, and our kin.

Some of us need to be reminded (some more than others, some gentler than others) of our place in the future of our people. All of us, regardless of age or station, are needed in this endeavor.

Every woman who internalizes our message is a beacon to her mother, grandmother, sisters, friends, children, and grandchildren.

Every man who courageously amplifies our message has the potential to persuade his father, grandfather, brothers, friends, co-workers, children, grandchildren, and neighbors.

So I entreat you, my people, please do not give up on anyone. It is going to take all of us to achieve our shared, sacred goal. ■

" Say, what's her

secret anyway?"

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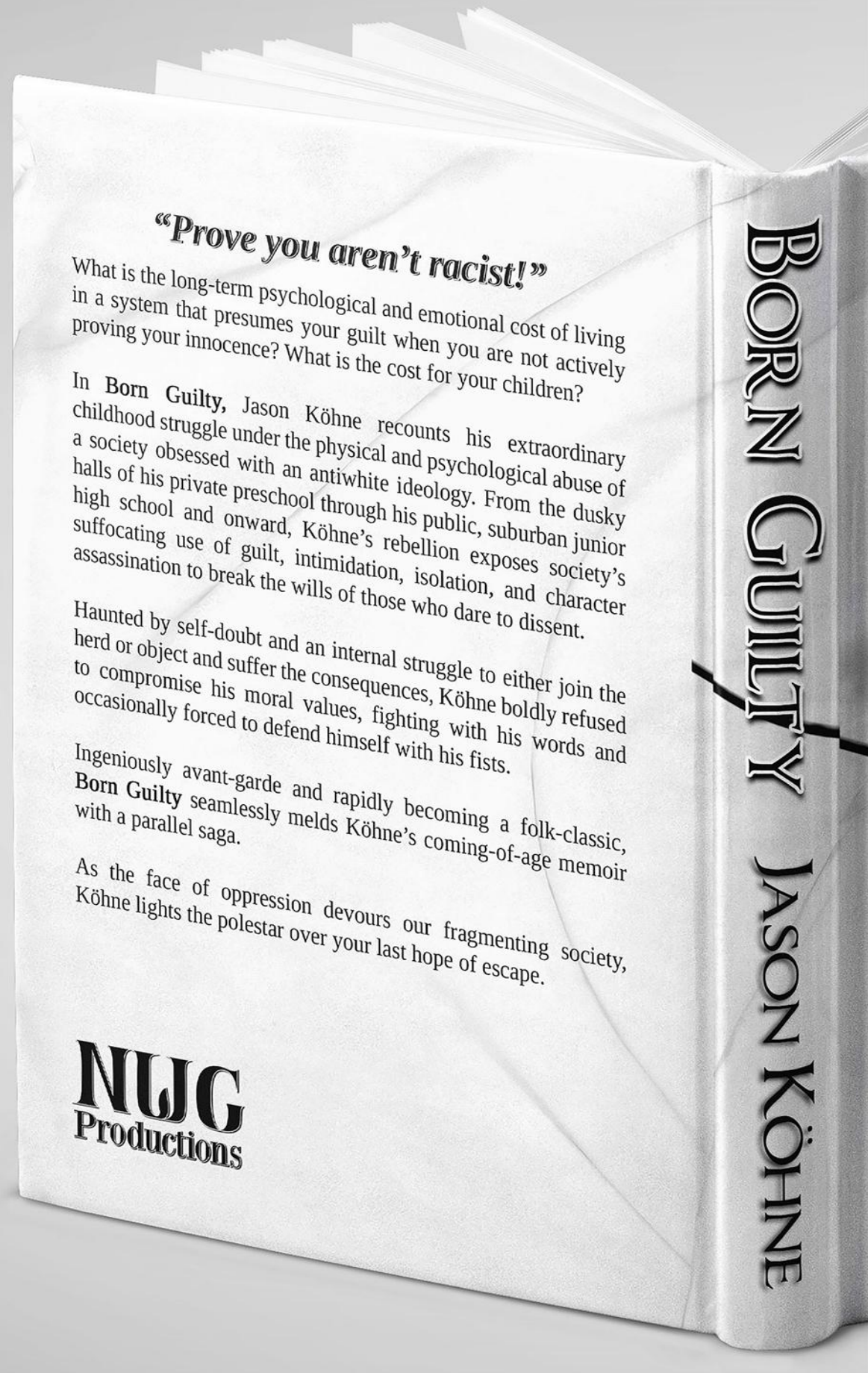
"Prove you aren't racist!"
What is the long-term psychological and emotional cost of living in a system that presumes your guilt when you are not actively proving your innocence? What is the cost for your children?
In **Born Guilty,** Jason Köhne recounts his extraordinary childhood struggle under the physical and psychological abuse of a society obsessed with an antiwhite ideology. From the dusky halls of his private preschool through his public, suburban junior high school and onward, Köhne's rebellion exposes society's suffocating use of guilt, intimidation, isolation, and character assassination to break the wills of those who dare to dissent.
Haunted by self-doubt and an internal struggle to either join the herd or object and suffer the consequences, Köhne boldly refused to compromise his moral values, fighting with his words and occasionally forced to defend himself with his fists.
Ingeniously avant-garde and rapidly becoming a folk-classic, **Born Guilty** seamlessly melds Köhne's coming-of-age memoir with a parallel saga.
As the face of oppression devours our fragmenting society, Köhne lights the polestar over your last hope of escape.
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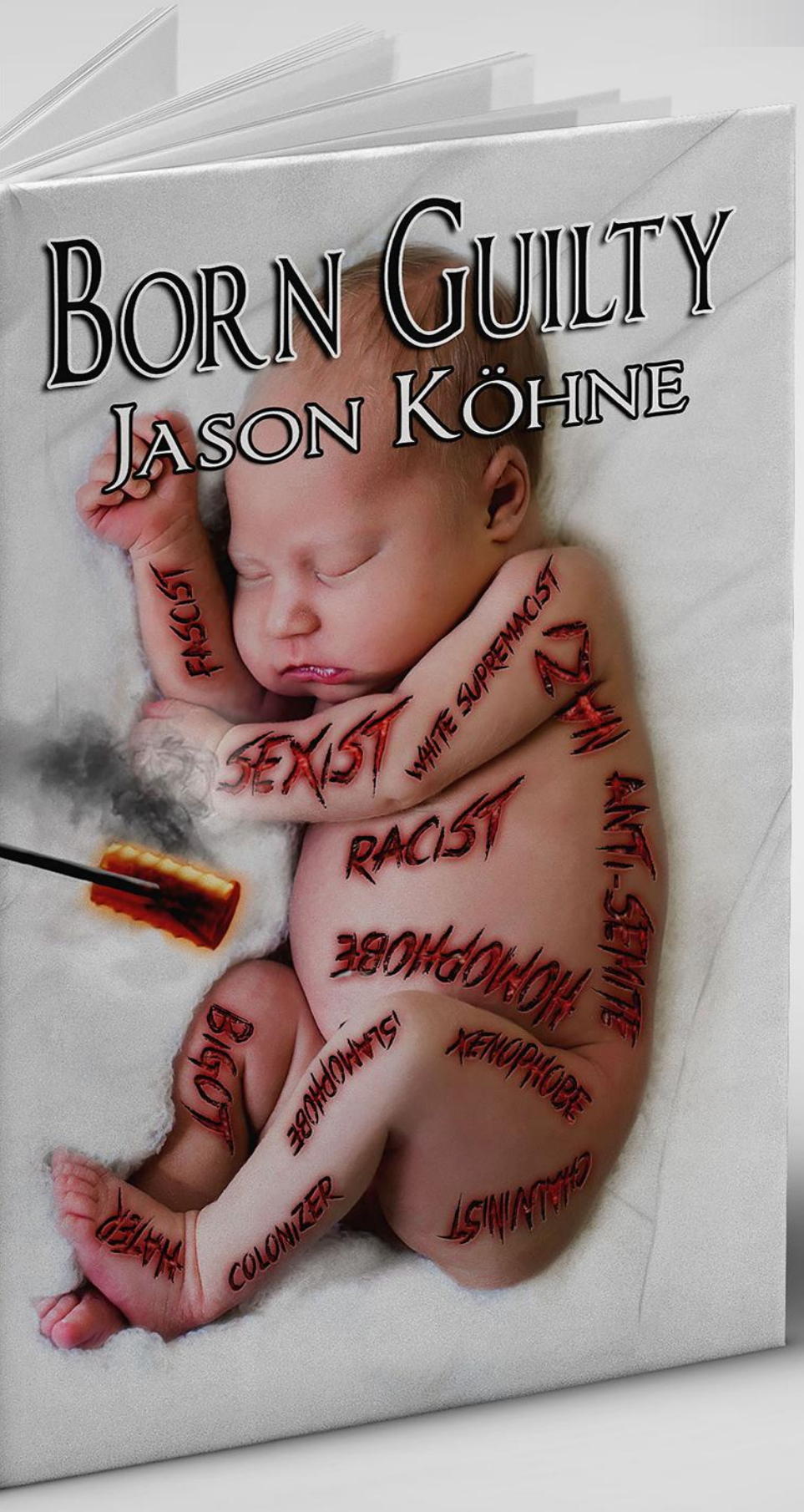
Born Guilty
Jason Köhne



In the following four sections, *The White People's Quarterly* gives you an exclusive look into *Born Guilty*, the inspirational and transformative book by Jason Köhne. We follow Jason from grade school to early adulthood and then to his life on the Hill, before taking a peek at his mythopoetic tale about the creation of Westernkind, "Prometheus Rising."

During your journey with Jason in *Born Guilty*, he occasionally departs to attend to other matters. When he leaves the reader, you are on your own, during which time you read from several of the books in his library. One of those books is *Crucible*, an exhilarating and true story about Jason's early rebellion against antiwhiteism. Excerpts from Crucible comprise Part I.

I.

I LEARNED MANY THINGS from my teachers and the media, but *his* was the name I heard more often than any other.

In the twilit classrooms of elementary school, the mechanical hum of rickety projectors lulled us into hypnosis, whirling and hissing and billowing acrid clouds as the hymn and incense of liturgy, splashing his image across countless screens. Thirty-inch televisions, fed by VHS tape and infused with his countenance, bathed our upturned faces in flickering light—entrancing us with the celluloid deity and his zealous followers singing his praises.

Part man, part god, part saint, part savior—what more? I wasn't exactly sure, but I knew he was worshiped, that he was only spoken of and quoted in reverential tones, and that only in such tones were we permitted to speak of him.

Elementary school now behind me, a new era of my life had begun.

Day one of junior high school, and there I stood beneath a billboard, a shrine, a larger-than-life picture of this—man. Hanging ten feet above the floor, his was the only image in the communal area known as the Commons, where row upon row of lockers grew out of the carpeted floor, creating pews for the children who gathered there, the unwary disciples of the state's anti-white religion, learning and worshiping under the fathomless stare of the state's new god….

Mr. Cribbs will see you, said a secretary indifferently as she plucked the phone off its base—*sorry for keeping you on hold*….

Moments earlier, an 8th grader had come to my class carrying a slip of paper, which he presented to my teacher with a self-important flourish. Under the inquisitive gaze of the entire class, she silently read it and then called me to her desk, instructing me to bring my things.

With the class's intense scrutiny probing like hungry fingers over and around my shoulders, she informed me that the vice principal wanted to speak with me. I had nervously followed the 8th grader past the all-seeing Idol and onto the school's office, where I tensely waited for 15 minutes on the edge of a brown, faux-leather couch.

I had never been in trouble at school. I had never been summoned to the office. I was terrified.

Standing there with no idea of where to go after the secretary's curt announcement, I was about to ask where his office was when Vice Principal Cribbs bustled out of a short hallway, his tan suit flapping

> “*That’s so racist*, they would hiss, their eyes flashing with cultish fanaticism. *You don’t care about their suffering!*”

animatedly in the breeze of his hurried movements.

Mr. Köhne—come with me, he ordered flatly, a grim look on his face.

He motioned for me to sit down as he dropped himself into a handsome desk chair, causing it to roll smoothly along the carpeted floor.

His office smelled thickly of coconut body lotion. The florescent ceiling lights, which lighted every other office, were turned off in favor of two lamps. The first was ornate, glass-shaded and perched on an end table beside my chair. The second was on his desk: green and brass, as is often seen in lawyers’ offices on television. Aside from the theater, his was the dimmest room I had ever seen in a school.

Mr. Köhne, it has come to my attention that you’re stirring up trouble by suggesting the school display portraits of slave owners alongside Dr. King.

His eyes shone with a cold seriousness as though he were a judge, the crime murder, and the penalty death.

No … I mean yes … I did … Robert E. Lee and Thomas Jefferson. But I don’t want that anymore. I just thought it would be fair—

Fair? he barked loudly, startling me. *That wouldn’t be fair to the minority students at this school.*

Holding me with a dark-brown gaze, he leaned thoughtfully back in his chair, sitting forward the next moment as something on his desk caught his eye, utterly diverting his attention as he rapidly leafed through some documents.

Maybe we could have Lee or Jefferson on the other side of the Commons?

His head shot up as though surprised by my presence, an amused smile leaping across his face.

Absolutely not, he laughed loudly and merrily as if I had asked him to display portraits of the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus.

A quiet knock and his office door swung open; a casually dressed, curly-haired man stepped inside, whom I recognized at once.

Jason, this is Mr. Wolf; he’s the school’s guidance director. I’ve asked him to join us, said Cribbs, smoothing his lapels and sighing mirthfully to himself.

Mr. Wolf sank into the plush chair to my right.

Where are we?

Mr. Köhne just suggested that we hang portraits of Lee and Jefferson on the other side of the Commons—a faceoff with Dr. King. What do you think?

Two things remained unchanged for me: in some small measure, I was still an advocate for my people’s wellbeing, and the white girls who suffered most severely from white guilt continued to despise me.

No matter where I crossed the gaze of these “champions of compassion,” they never spared me the cruelest glares, or the equally spiteful refusals to acknowledge my existence.

That’s so racist, they would hiss, their eyes flashing with cultish fanaticism. *You don’t care about their suffering!*

And you don’t care about OUR suffering, I would retort, undaunted by their antiwhite zeal.

We don’t suffer. We have everything. Look at how good we have it! they would fume reproachfully, blushing scarlet. *But just look around the world and see how poor and*

> “*And you don’t care about OUR suffering*, I would retort, undaunted by their antiwhite zeal.”

> “ Any animal, I concluded, hostile to the survival of its own kind, could only be considered diseased. ”

miserable they are. We did that to them! Nothing else can explain the differences! We stole everything from them!

That doesn't make any sense. The things that make up Western Civilization would have to exist elsewhere for us to have stolen them. And they don't! No one else builds Western Civilization. Besides, I didn't do anything to them—and neither did you. We don't owe them a thing.

Their behavior was unnatural. It struck me as diseased. Any animal, I concluded, hostile to the survival of its own kind, could only be considered diseased.

If a group of doves chased other doves from the things they needed to survive—like water—food—shelter (I ticked on my fingers) *so that pigeons could have those things, wouldn't we say those doves were crazy? We're being forced to give up our country, culture, and language, and what's worse is that we're not even allowed to decide who we are*, I told a group of six or seven semi-attentive listeners at a lunch table after a sleep-inducing lecture that turned corrosively antiwhite the previous period.

Truuuue … but we're not animals, conceitedly snapped a red-headed girl in response, while Mr. Albright passed our table with two black boys wearing scowls like Halloween masks tied to their heads, escorting them from the cafeteria.

And besides, she continued bitchily, *we're all humans—just different skin.*

Well they're all birds—just different feathers, I countered. *And even if you don't think we're animals, we live and die like animals, don't we*? I asked the group.

A few at the table, shrugging their shoulders and frowning, nodded in reluctant agreement.

Whites who think like those doves are sick, I adamantly opined, searching my listeners' faces for any glimmer of agreement.

My mom and dad say that everything'll be fine once we make up to the minorities, declared a drab girl in a tone of self-importance, nodding sharply at the end of her statement as though punctuating an irrefutable truism.

No! It won't be fine. We're not talking about two people—where one can make up something to the other. God! We're talking about a storyline. The white kids before us were the bad guys, and now we're the bad guys, and the white kids after us will be the bad guys—it's a storyline. It won't change unless we change it.

In *Born Guilty*, you also read two non-fiction essays authored by Jason. One of those essays is "The Once Great City," in reference to Washington DC, an epicenter that features prominently in Jason's life and work. Inside the Heart of the Empire, the reader gets a glimpse into the conflict and societal unease associated with diversity and multiculturalism—now prominent everywhere, but most glaringly within the West's historic cities.

II.

I was exiting the nightclub when the growl of a thunderhead wheeled its way across the midnight sky. Against the backdrop of Washington DC nightlife, jagged tongues of white flame punctured the darkness that canopied the once great city.

Though rain had yet to assail the District, it ominously trudged like an angry giant through the stagnant air, draping the exclusive club's clientele as closing forced us onto the street. Hoarse laughter rattled my nerves when I stepped from the building's shadow; a Mestizo woman in a short, tight dress was picking herself up off the sidewalk. Her girlfriends beckoned her from a cab as four Gucci-clad men croaked with derisive laughter.

> "Adrenalin's long, icy fingers ascended my spine. My mouth went dry and the sound of the crowd faded to a hollow din."

The guys, capped with jet-black hair steeped in gel, saturated in cologne and wrapped in gleaming jewelry like an Egyptian sunrise, mockingly pointed and clutched their sides as the Mestizo girls flipped them off and cursed. Two more steps from the building and the girls were packed in the cab, its red and black door slamming shut with a bang.

I whirled toward the hemorrhaging nightclub and scanned the clubbers for my companions—Luke and Raja. We had become separated while I was dancing with a beautiful woman from Finland. Fifteen minutes later and Finnish phone number in hand, I was forced from the building by the steroidal mutants employed as bouncers.

Country became still as his attackers raged with increasing ferocity. He feigned indifference, using the sharply bent brim of his baseball hat to conceal the worry on his face, but his eyes betrayed his fears. He knew—as did the rest of us—that his life was about to be irreparably altered.

Visions of the impending beating ran through my mind: his teeth were going to be broken at the root. The flesh around his lips and eyes was going to be torn. His nose was going to be fractured and bloodied.

Adrenalin's long, icy fingers ascended my spine. My mouth went dry and the sound of the crowd faded to a hollow din. I couldn't stand there and watch

him get lynched. But even though I had won many fights in the past, I was powerless. There were too many against us: two against six. It was suicide. For all I knew, the blacks were armed and willing to murder.

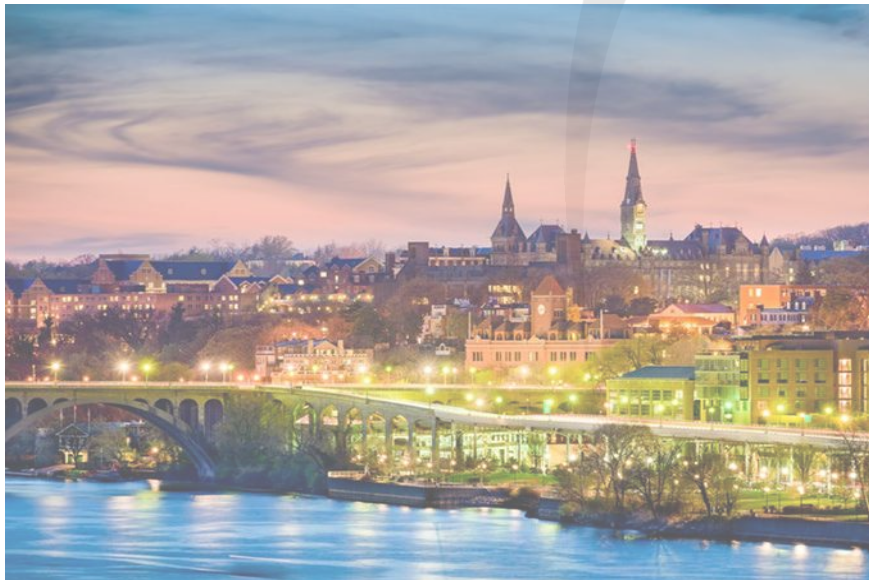
I glanced toward the turbulent sky as though expecting guidance: angry mountains thundered overhead, lighting vast cloudscapes with divine javelins. I lowered my gaze. A few deep breaths. I surveyed the people in the mob, their hair whipped by heated winds laced with frigid seams, their faces eagerly waiting for the attack.

Like a long, silent geyser that hisses and fumes, rushing with boiling madness for the gaping fissure, the lynching erupted. One of the blacks landed a devastating punch to the back of Country's neck. It was a powerful blow, but Country stayed on his feet. Had he fallen, they would have stomped him unconscious.

An instant later, and again from behind, a black fist smashed his right ear, jerking his head over his left shoulder. Fearful confusion tugged at his features as he made no effort to fight back.

At the sight of his pain and terror, Country's tormentors—and many in the crowd—burst into cackles of delight. Their joy stirred something ancient and indomitable within me, something far greater than my solitary life—rising in form and fury.

"I glanced toward the turbulent sky as though expecting guidance: angry mountains thundered overhead, lighting vast cloudscapes with divine javelins."



In *Born Guilty* the reader spends a weekend with Jason at his home in a bucolic haven for the wealthy, known simply and beautifully as The Plains, Virginia. Jason speaks to you in the first person, sharing edifying events from his life. These personal segments are adorned with hundreds of illustrations, providing you with intriguing visuals of your surroundings and insights into real events and situations.

III.

Even though the organization I worked for was essentially the nerve center of the conservative movement, it was powerless to effect any real sociopolitical change.

Every Wednesday we had a semi-secret lunch. The leaders of the largest conservative and free-thinking groups in the country attended. White House staff, senators, and House members attended. Conservative and well-known Republican strategists, like Karl Rove, attended.

Limos would pull up in front of our unassuming building. But rather than ascend the steps to the building's front doors, attendees would descend a narrow stairway and enter through a plain door that was always locked. Beyond that door was a simple hallway that served as an antechamber to the plush meeting room beyond the polished, mahogany doors at the end of the hall.

The lunches were off the record, so everyone was free to speak his mind.

Despite the fact that these organizations, their donors, workers, volunteers, and members, were almost all Westmen, the topic of what the Republicans would do for whites was never broached—with one

exception.

A well-known Republican strategist had been lecturing us about what Republicans were doing and planning to do for blacks and Mestizos—and to a lesser degree for Asians and Arabs. A woman (name revealed in Born Guilty)—the only person with any courage and clearly fed up with the endless talk about what the Republicans were going to do for nonwhites—finally interrupted him: she said, "What about white people?"

The strategist, a fat-faced white man in wire rim glasses, didn't miss a beat; he told us the Republicans weren't going to do anything for white people because it would be "political suicide," and that "white people have nowhere else to go."

Every politician who attended these lunches—and the list read like a Republican gala—told us that they were happy to take our money and support, but they couldn't aggressively endorse our positions because the owners of the establishment media—all anti-whites, all Saipists—would ruin them if they did.

There was a tacit understanding that they would *do what they could* in exchange for our donations and votes….

> "[H]e told us the Republicans weren't going to do anything for white people because it would be 'political suicide'"

In *Born Guilty*, the reader will also read a mythopoetic tale Jason authored about the creation of Westernkind, called "Prometheus Rising." This fascinating tale is full of elegant prose and moving imagery, and revolves around Prometheus, the Greek Titan who was sentenced by Zeus to suffer eternally for defying the gods.

IV.

A door that is always open, a reunion that is always glad, Prometheus received each of the Gods as one who welcomes dear friends and family. Yet the hospitality of the host is often his undoing. And so it was that in the wheeling of the ages, the world Prometheus had called his own, a cradle for his happiness and the indulging of his many talents, swarmed with thousands of Gods, each vying for his attention and the enjoyment of his creations.

And thus where once his world was like to a lovely garden, laced with delicate paths that whimsically walked hand in hand with sparkling rills, romanced by blooming verdure, haloed by gentle rains of fragrant petals, it was now become trampled by the feet of throngs, its limpid waters sullied, its greenswards marred, its springtime wilting.

Politely excusing himself, Prometheus departed his crowded planet and wandered long as a man displaced and in search of a new home, his thoughts ever returning in regret to his paradise lost. Saddened by the marring of the works he left behind, yet ever driven by his conquering spirit to build anew, Prometheus

“ Shadowed were their faces under the flaring cheeks and proud nasals of their helms; their eye slits were as haunted chasms, expressionless and grim. ”

alighted upon a new world—distant and uninhabited.

And again, after rearing the planet to such beauty that it sparkled like heaven's diamond-strewn beaches in the black waters of the cosmos, he was joined by Gods seeking his audience; yet they came not as guests bearing gifts, who arrive and depart for the enrichment and enjoyment of all, but as parasites that come to feed, hungering to draw near his might and splendor, to share and to profit in his glory and creations.

And again, as a host who warmly embraces the weary traveler, Prometheus welcomed the Gods who sought his presence and the luxury of his ingenuity. It is said that here began the great migrations of eons untold and leagues uncounted as Prometheus, adopting a world and rearing it to the beauty and majesty of paradise, found himself ever followed by Gods seeking his audience, consuming his time, draining his energy, diverting his talents, and alerting—even sullying—his endeavors to suit their peculiar tastes: reflections of their own limitations.

The mingled sounds of officers bellowing orders, the clamor of weapons and the grunts of beasts pushed to their limits splintered the stillness of the night. Men on horseback galloped through the darkened streets, carrying messages and speeding to positions. Regiments of soldiers hastened as windswept lace amid the night shade, winding toward the wide plains, the luster of their arms as the sheen of starlight upon the foam of an angry sea.

Followed by his personal guard, attendant captains and messengers, Valindeal raced toward the plain as a gray ghost atop a silvern steed, the beast's white hair aloft and gleaming in the moonlight, its muscles churning as furious cords beneath taut skin, its hooves gouging the dark earth and hurling it skyward, eager as its master for glory.

“Commander!” shouted Remlokk, a Ranger captain with a short red beard and long red hair, an old tangled scar across his ever-young face.

Valindeal espied Remlokk in a thicket of trees paralleling the plain, and there he joined him. With Remlokk were several messengers and soldiers. Their helms and armor, which normally blazed, were cloaked in dun raiment. Shadowed were their faces under the flaring cheeks and proud nasals of their helms; their eye slits were as haunted chasms, expressionless and grim.

“We're in position. As soon as they alight, we'll pin 'em with a volley… maybe two … then we'll charge … hew 'em where they stand,” said Remlokk hoarsely, the fierce determination in his voice spreading its doughty fire to his eyes.

“What is their count?” asked Valindeal, his personal guard pulling round the group, their horses snorting, muscles quivering, hides wet with sweat.

“Five hundred—maybe more,” dismissively replied Remlokk, pulling his helmet down over his face.

Valindeal followed Remlokk's gaze toward the vault and the shooting stars.

“What creatures are these that attack from the heavens?” asked Valindeal.

“I know not. No more can be seen with the spyglass,” grumbled Remlokk, shaking his head.

“They will land before the Razorum is in position,” observed Valindeal, drawing the cold steel of his sword from its sheath, a shrill cry leaping from the blade as the point slipped into view. “We are few, but we are great—our sacrifice for the immortality and glory of our Nation.” ■

"Friendship of Salem"
by The Light of Decay

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Become a
Community Organizer

For whites who want to see a change, becoming a leader at the local level should be the first step forward

by Harold L. Byron

There are many concerns within society, but it is important to discuss what we can realistically do to create change. Even before agreeing on an end goal, or an arcing ideal to strive toward—as perhaps to many such things are implicitly known—the conversation devolves into uncertainty regarding what our first step should be.

Before putting forth suggestions, however, we must be aware of our place in history. White-founded civilization has been historically comprised of a functioning hierarchy or class pyramid, with the royals and aristocrats starting at the point, then widening to the middle classes, and reaching its greatest expanse at the bottom with the lower classes, the workers, each rung holding up, providing for, and protecting the one above it. But as our civilization has become less family-focused and more globally connected, matriarchal, and geared toward an upwardly mobile middle class, it has incentivized us to focus on our own needs rather than those of the community or the larger whole, and our civilization has in turn gradually deteriorated.

As a political system, democracy was designed with a socially responsible people in mind. It stemmed from the vision of a small group of intellectuals, but was ultimately meant to benefit society at large. To this end, the vote was given to upstanding members of society—men who would act as benevolent stewards. But as political theory became further removed from the real world, as we became more "tolerant" and no longer took into account how people are by nature, democracy became an ideology based on universal suffrage. Many

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Harold Byron runs Noble Youth, a blog that features a collection of short articles discussing political philosophy, ethnic spirituality and European identitarianism.

Follow Harold Byron:
@youth_noble

nobleyouth.home.blog

presumed this would to lead to a more direct democracy and electoral outcomes that more accurately represented the will of the people. But, as we have seen, this has not been the case, and in fact the opposite has happened: popular votes overturned or ignored, populist candidates turned away at the door or chewed up and spit out by the pre-existing machine, and our people demographically replaced against their will.

Community starts at home

The first step we all must take involves improving ourselves, and doing so by focusing on one issue at a time. Although we move together in a gentle sort of anthropological revolution, we all have our flaws, and thus improvements to make.

A wonderful resource for those looking to make small, positive changes in their lives is *Living Healthy in the Modern World*. Written by Henry & Friends, this e-book can be downloaded for free at revivingtribalism.com, centers around white men and women, and covers all aspects of diet and self-improvement. It also makes forays into spiritualism, ethical food consumption, and baking, and provides well-researched information about supplements and reproductive health. No one will respect you if you do not respect yourself, and this book is a good starter for those who have trouble with confidence.

Community goals

Once you have your own life on track—note: do *not* wait for perfection, only for recognizable improvement—it is time to turn to the outside world. Here are three loose but achievable goals everyone should aspire to:

1) Start by creating a small but informed community around you, and ensure that the politics, actions, and perspectives of others are informed by your positions as a leader.
2) Empower those around you by organizing with them to reclaim online and public spaces as platforms for communal dialogue.
3) When you have built a strong local group, take the next step: identify and bring attention to harmful local initiatives or community figures; expose them and draw a line in the sand between them and you.

Develop a small group, make plans and set goals, and then take action. It may be easier for some than others, but even within the deepest bowels of the most diverse city, you will find like-minded folks who are not happy with the present state of their community and want to build something new.

Creating a community

Community can and must be revived. Many exist in the modern world, unrestrained by the nihilism or hyper-individualism that almost exclusively affects white people. There is likely a black church in a neighboring district, or areas nearby that are entirely Islamic, and in those places you will find

Meaningful change – good and ill – has never occurred at the ballot box, but comes through community activity.

"cultural centers," where the community meets and supports each other. This creates a connected people, where jobs are protected and friends hire friends, assist with bills when necessary, and celebrate holidays together.

But where are our own? And where do we start if we want to build them?

If you are unsure about where to begin, try to find an issue you are passionate about and connect with those who share your passion for it—be it with sports, interest groups, gaming, salons, etc.—then work to change the culture from within. The well-being of our communities is at an all-time low, not only because of the hateful rhetoric that is thrown around against us, but because of our own apathy.

If you have an interest in art, ask your friends or a local social media group if they might be interested in a drawing class. If it's the summertime, suggest you all go out and paint something in nature. If you play an instrument, seek out local musicians and propose you hire a room to record folk music in. Of course, the religious know instinctively how to build communities, but seeing each other a few times a month is not good enough. Float the idea of investing in a plot of land or an allotment and spending your weekends there, out of the city, to get reacquainted with the soil. Keep chickens and share the eggs, or build your own community center. If your local area has been degraded, form a neighborhood watch group, take note of the dirty or broken areas, and tell the authorities to either take action or allocate funds to your own group so that you can build it back up.

Meaningful change—good and ill—has never occurred at the ballot box, but comes through community activity. There is no need to vote for the lesser of two evils, or one of the system's two faces, wait until a savior worth voting for arises, or throw up your hands and exclaim that a collapse or war is the only way anything will ever change. Instead, channel that energy and frustration into local action by improving yourself and becoming a leader, building a strong group of people around you who also want to see change, and with them restoring your local area.

Reclaiming online and public spaces

This goal might be the simplest, but it is the most important. Freedom of speech, and the ability to reach people with such speech, is necessary for change to occur. "If only they could hear our point of view," is a common refrain that has increased with the censorship of pro-white views.

Online spaces have served us well. We can mobilize like-minded people on a message board or Facebook group quickly and engage others with humor and facts. We know the terrain; it is second nature to us now. However, social media providers, payment processors, shirt printers, crowdfunding sites, and so on, have become wise to this, and many, with little or no justification, have removed our content, banned users, or attempted to steer attention away from our ideas

It is debatable to what extent that action works, but there is no doubt that many of our named advocates have faced extreme, top-down repercussions when attempting to build or influence online communities. We can still engage anonymously on Twitter and Facebook, though, even if just on a personal level, to change minds and make our voices be heard—and we shouldn't stop. During the 2016 U.S. election, groups of us formed teams of "narrative jammers" who would decide on a topic ahead of time and then push that topic in a multitude of different ways and across different media platforms, and we were often successful at being addressed by the mainstream.

This is possible and effective in real life as well, but the public space is a more complex matter. Marches on town halls

have been a tried and tested method of political activism throughout history, but these days the mainstream can more easily unite and steer the narrative. We should instead consider reclaiming the dialogue. Rather than focusing on an entire social media platform, and acting as if it is a convoluted game of capture the flag, we should address certain questions or issues. For example, the modern concept of "Whiteness" is the pervasive idea that our identity and culture are harmful, but its adherents also hold that "Whiteness" cannot be removed from being white, so their solution is to remove our people from the conversation and from the social dialogue as a whole. When this is said, we should have our response ready: "Don't we have a right to exist?" We do not need to colonize public forums, only ensure that when a topic is broached our opinion is heard, and from there it can begin to be considered.

Beneficial action

All action must be undertaken with a great deal of caution, as exposing anti-whites and anti-white policies is a dangerous game. Community figures, such as elected representatives, cannot always be relied upon, and increasingly belong to a different ethnic group that has little interest in our point of view. For the more active and secure amongst us, beneficial action can be done the traditional way, with visibility (postering, leafleting, stickering), pressure (boycotts and flooding phone lines with concerned calls about specific issues), or the new way, with social media, through which we are able to interact with our opponents, as well as our potential community, directly. But the possibilities are endless, and there is more we can do to increase outreach, by hosting a street party, gathering in a room or a pub, or finding recruits and playing street football.

It is not realistic to withdraw entirely from society or the state. After all, you still have to pay your taxes, you'll likely need to ask your local council a few questions from time to time, and you may have to rely on the government when disaster strikes. But you can research permaculture, make friends with a butcher or a baker, move your family closer to local, recognizable faces and away from overrun cities and large companies that put their advertising on everything.

Lastly, it remains true that people are motivated by meaning and not information, and more by peer pressure than anything else. Again, any successful change will not be brought about by a single person, but by a group; it will not arise from a change in government, it will come from local action. And it is not that difficult. If you are in England, contact your local Labour or Conservative pressure group; if elsewhere, contact whatever your largest party is. Express a little interest, knowledge, and passion, and you will be surprised at how quickly you are asked to run as a local councillor and are invited to meetings, campaigns, and so on. Everyone is political, and everyone wants a place to work and a safe community to raise their children in.

Why build a community?

Being part of a community gives your life meaning; it connects you to your friends and family and to your people, and therefore to the whole of society. If you take it upon yourself to begin bringing your community together around a cause, for example, environmentalism, you will not only feel instant kinship, but you will begin to see instant change.

Groups like Waging Nonviolence pride themselves on community action, but the type of action they focus on does not move the spirit: they attack pre-existing structures, attempt to dissolve natural communities, and often speak negatively about the concept of "Whiteness." Be careful about these groups. Their purpose is to invent problems out of whole cloth and then recommend solutions that are harmful toward white people. The type of person who is passionate about fighting the concept of "Whiteness" is swamped in misunderstanding, and represents the negative force we want to counteract. Groups like Waging Nonviolence will piggyback on environmentalism, workers' movements, anti-war sentiment, and other issues that socially responsible people care about, but they will without fail devolve into rhetoric about fighting "racism" or overcoming prejudice in "the system." Those who get involved

Our communities do not need to be explicitly racial, for any action we take will always be implicitly so

with these groups and engage in activism have the right instincts and think they are making a positive change, and they are almost always white people who are pro-community and pro-worker. But they are misguided and unable to see the full picture.

The same is true for the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, which ostensibly proposes a collection of fantastic initiatives that look to knit communities more closely together in places where they have been eroded, and their research shows they are doing good. The R.S.A. now pride themselves on operating in a multicultural and multi-faith society, and they wax lyrical about the terrors of so-called nationalism, intolerance, and bigotry while spreading misinformation to fit their narrative. However, the only people drawn to their initiatives are whites, both because it is in our nature to want to create positive change and because minorities are already taken care of, whether by each other or by the State. But those powers, in government and big business, are not working for us anymore, and are indeed antagonistic toward us while feigning adherence to tolerance, peace, and equality.

Our communities do not need to be explicitly racial, for any action we take will always be implicitly so. Community action is, by necessity, group-based action, and is more often than not local action. The Occupy movement claimed physical space for months and created entire campsites with free soup kitchens, first aid facilities where volunteers gave free treatment, and libraries and classrooms where movement-approved teachers taught students. But it ultimately fizzled out, not as a result of government crackdowns or because the ideas did not have their day or because Wall Street was overthrown. The movement failed because its goals were not defined, and because it was entirely unrooted—the community involved was too diverse to allow real connections. We need to make sure we don't make the same mistake in the future, which is why we must learn to better understand who we are and what our shared interests comprise, to ensure that we have inextricable connections to one another and clear goals regarding the change we wish to make.

Conclusion

The organiser of the Serbian Otpor resistance group, who overthrew the Butcher of the Balkans, said, "we won because we loved life more."

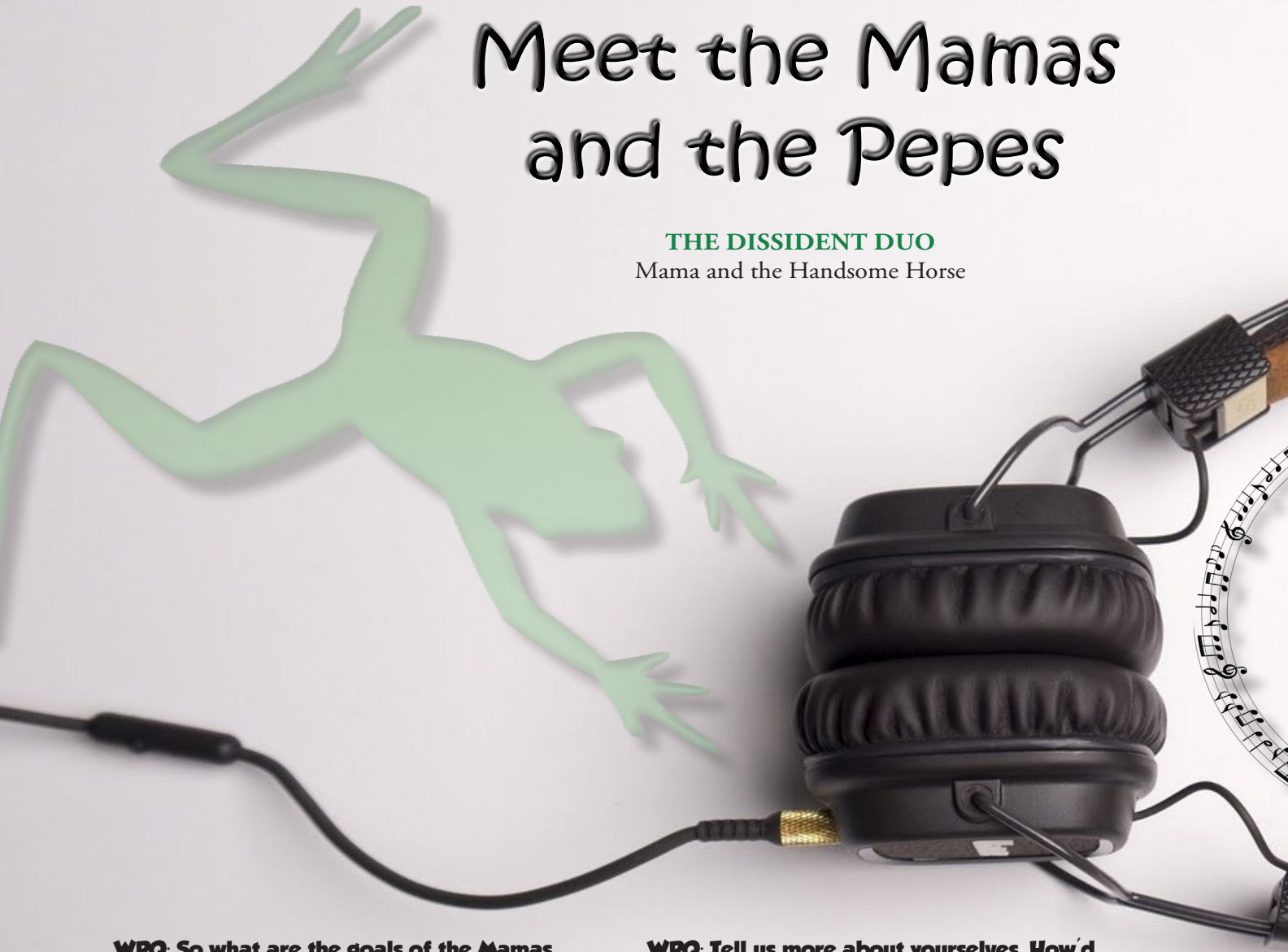
Always remember, there need not be a broad difference between our goals and our message: we are a straightforward and honest people, and many of us react best to those who are as well. There is nothing wrong with creating groups of like-minded people and excluding others who are not like us and don't share our values.

We do not have an easy road ahead, and our goals won't be attained overnight. But there are actionable steps we can take to get closer to those ends. Sort yourself out, decide what kind of community you want to build, gather a strong group of friends and allies, and do your part to improve and restore your local spaces.

We need a new party, but not necessarily a political one. Be vitalistic and active, engage many people at once, and do so with a smile on your face. ■

Meet the Mamas and the Pepes

THE DISSIDENT DUO
Mama and the Handsome Horse



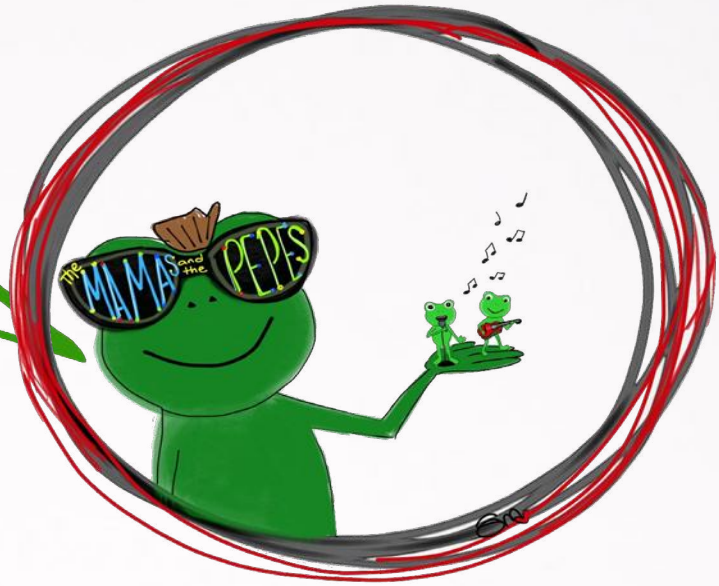
WPQ: So what are the goals of the Mamas and the Pepes? What are you here to do?

M&P: To transform our frustration with the political and social miasma of modern degeneracy into dissident ditties and tactical tunes designed to boost morale. We strive to keep things light. Or at least remind everyone that there IS light. Drinking songs for the ethnostate. Our side of the great divide has a lot of thoughtful pessimists. We're trying to build a culture of optimism. The dissident right owns humor these days. Because humor is honest and the current year runs on lies. At this point, satire is basically broken. Banal truth sounds absurd these days. But absurdity still points to the truth. You can reject the truth, but it's still always there. Sometimes we are serious, but most of the time we are silly, but we are always authentic.

WPQ: Tell us more about yourselves. How'd you two get started?

M&P: We are both fairly contrarian. Our tastes and political leanings are functions of our temperaments. We have a full range of moods, but we can't express everything in music. We have our limitations. Our early songs were recorded into a phone and were mostly made of memes after the exuberance of the 2016 election. Music should be fun. Since our inception, we've also taken some of the darkest events and currents in our modern IRL livestream and tried to transform our emotional reactions into songs with a levity that is never intended to make light of the gravity of such events and situations, but to remind folks that we all process disappointment, destruction, and devolution differently. Maybe our music can help our folks who might be courting despair to chin up a bit, and recharge those batteries and live to fight another day.

"Maybe our music can help our folks who might be courting despair to chin up a bit, and recharge those batteries and live to fight another day."



WPQ: How would you describe your music? Pop? Rock? Country? All of the above?

M&P: We don't come from a musical tradition. We are not legit, REAL DEAL ARTISTS. Some of our "songs" are barely music. Our style is defined by our limitations. The songs are generally three-chords-and-the-truth style ditties. Sometimes it sounds like country. Sometimes it sounds like classic rock. Sometimes it sounds like real music. The guitar and bass (and shaker eggs and tambourines and the occasional improvised metal popcorn tin drum) you hear are created by actual instruments actually played by an actually Handsome Horse. There's a 25-year-old drum machine that miraculously still worked after dusting it off, so why not put it to use?

WPQ: Did you guys start out making parody songs?

M&P: When we first started making music together, we began with writing and recording original songs, but we soon began sparsely peppering our catalog with some truly goofy parodies of Real Songs. We try to be normie-friendly. Maybe a ditty will get stuck in a normie's head and he'll take all the redpills. Nobody comes to M&P for guitar solos and lavish production. We are spontaneous and impatient. We like jarring juxtapositions. We get bored easily. Too much earnest sincerity can be a downer. If you want to look behind the curtain and find out how bad things really are, you can do that. Come back and chill out with an M&P song. ■

Dissident Ditties (2018)

Follow the Mamas and the Pepes:
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Reclaiming Femininity

by *Ashley MacAlisdair*

Being a woman used to mean something. We had a purpose; we were essential to the health and well-being of our communities and our societies at large. Unfortunately, this is no longer true for many modern women. We have abandoned our natural, God-given gifts and qualities, and replaced them with what we have been trained to believe is liberation and equality. While it is important to know what specifically caused the degradation and ruin of traditional gender roles, focusing on the things we cannot change will not help us repair ourselves or our communities. Instead, we women should shift our focus to the things we *do* have the power to change, and the first and most important step toward that goal involves reclaiming and embracing our femininity.

Ashley is a 27-year-old wife and aspiring mother from the Southern US with a passion for improving the health, happiness, and future of her people.

Follow Ashley MacAlisdair:
@MacAlisdairAsh

So, what exactly does it mean to be feminine? The technical definition of femininity is as follows: qualities or attributes regarded as characteristic of women. On its face, this definition seems simple and straightforward, right? Well, for many of us, and especially for impressionable young girls, it can be tough to identify the natural qualities of women due to the often damaging and misleading information being sold to us by modern pop culture. Personally, when I think about this definition and what it is to be a woman, a few terms come to mind: nurturance, softness, compassion, empathy, modesty, beauty, and tenderness. *These* are the qualities that make us feminine women.

Now that we have a basic understanding of what it means to be feminine, how do we go about implementing this in our lives? How do we nurture and grow these qualities within ourselves until they feel natural to us again? Below, we will discuss several simple things that you as a woman can do to get on the path to becoming the woman you were meant to be.

Form healthy habits in your daily life

Ask yourself this question: can you truly care for those around you if you don't care for yourself? Self-care is the most important part of your journey, and you must lead by example. Many of us live hectic lives with full schedules, so it's easy to forget to drink enough water throughout the day. It's even easier to justify not reading or educating ourselves because we're tired and don't feel like dedicating time to what we may think of as non-essential. Breaking these bad habits and retraining your mind seems like a daunting task, but it isn't, and once you get started these things will become second nature. Try planning out your day to include every activity, from meals to water consumption, exercise and dedicated reading time.

Cultivate and nurture meaningful relationships while distancing yourself from those that cause you heartache or stress

This is an essential step to becoming more feminine and living a healthy, wholesome life. It can be painful to let go of old friends and people that you've grown close to, but unhealthy relationships are a drain on you in many ways. Take time to evaluate your friendships. Ask yourself if there are people in your life that cause you stress or encourage poor behavior. Try to distance yourself from those people, and look for friends that are going to enhance and add value to your life. Your most meaningful relationships should be with your husband, your children, and your family. These relationships need to be nurtured and reinforced daily, and those people should receive most of your attention. You can improve these relationships

"Show me who you walk with, and I'll tell you who you are"

- Esmeralda Santiago

by spending more time with them, adjusting your attitude toward them, and figuring out ways to help improve their quality of life.

Be mindful of how you present yourself

This is the aspect of femininity that tends to get the most attention. Yes, being feminine is about more than just your outward appearance, but the way you present yourself does matter. There is a reason we perceive women from the fifties and earlier as being beautiful and feminine. No matter their social standing or budget, these women made looking nice a priority: they were clean (or at least as clean as they could be depending on the time period), and they dressed well. To improve your outward appearance and the feminine image you convey to others, re-stock your wardrobe with light colors that work well with your skin tone, and timeless, modest cuts of clothing.

Equally as important as your physical presentation, is your attitude. You should strive to be a calming presence to those around you, so pay close attention to the tone of your voice and the language you use when speaking. Choose your words wisely and remember—you are never fully dressed without a smile!

No matter how long you work at this there will be times where you lounge around your house in sweatpants or use the occasional swear word in a moment of frustration. None of us are perfect. The most anyone can ever ask of you is that you try your best to set realistic goals and reach them to the best of your ability. I guarantee that if you follow the steps above your loved ones will take notice and realize how lucky they are to have a beautiful, caring woman in their lives. ■

1. Distance yourself from those who are bad influences or a source of negativity.
2. Meet and develop relationships with people that will add meaning to your life.
3. Nurture and strengthen your relationships with family members.
4. Build a solid community of like-minded people that share your values and morals.
5. Practice giving to and nurturing. Be charitable and encourage those around you.

Born too late to build the ancient empire,
Born too soon to colonize heavenly space,
Born just in time to kindle the fading fire
That envious invaders can never replace.

Where some see dark, we see the light
Illuminating from deep in our history.
Where others surrender, we stand and fight
To protect our people from pain and misery.

We don't have to apologize for being who we are.
No need for exposition, how we've come this far.

Raise your sword and shield
Together engage the battle field.
Pagans and Christians, brothers alike,
Together dealt a mighty strike.
Peasants, Poets, Priests and Lords
Together drive back the hateful hordes.

None but ourselves bear this sacred duty
Unbroken chain to our ancestors we link.
We become who we are truly
Then from the Chalice of Victory drink.

Care not for the critiques of cretins
Ours is for Strength, Beauty and Glory.
Across the White Diaspora we send you greetings
Future generations will cherish our story.

Brothers Alike

by
Donald Kent

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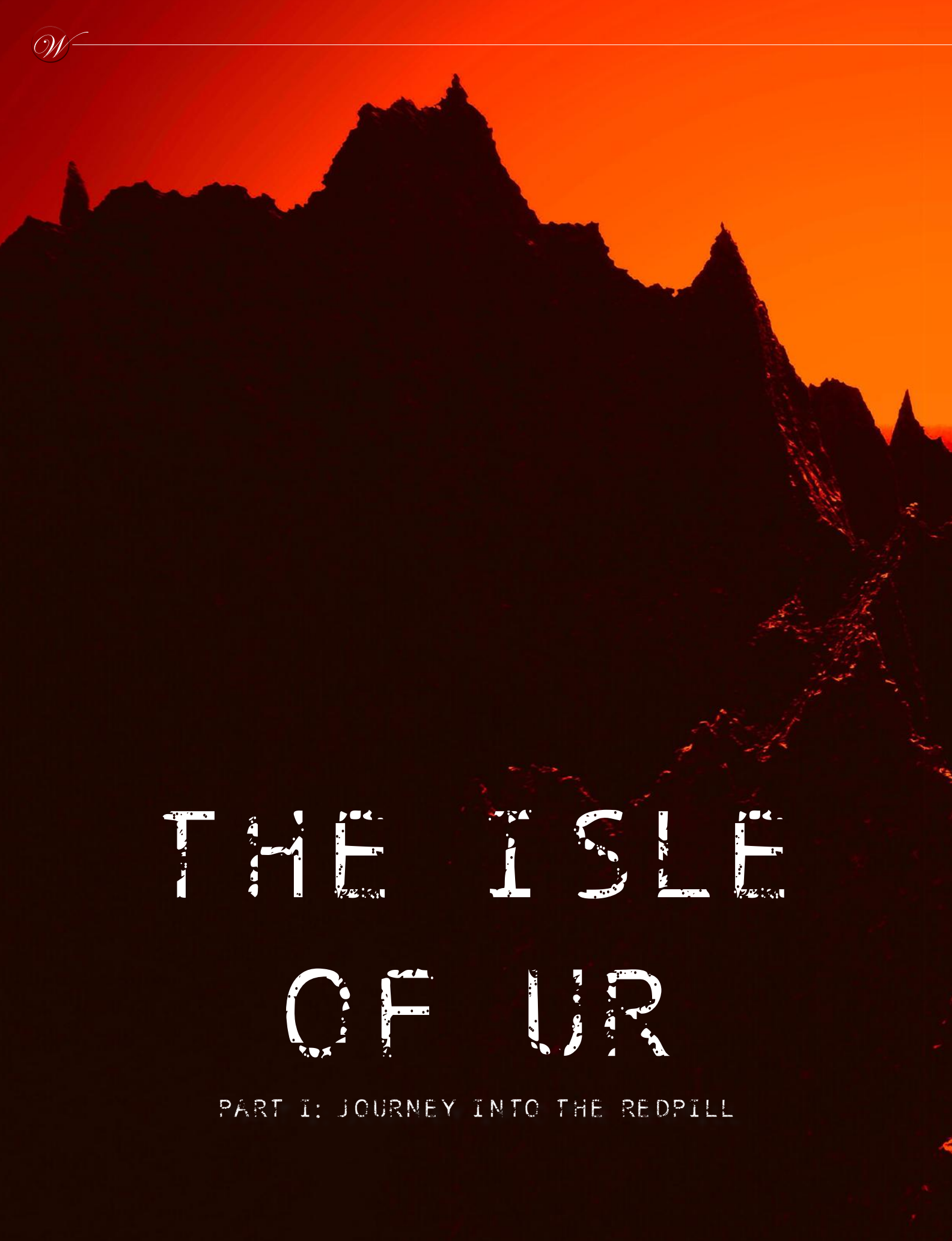

THE ISLE
OF UR
PART I: JOURNEY INTO THE REDPILL

IN THIS SERIES, BASED ON A 2015 TRIP, AN UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH HUMAN BIODIVERSITY SHOWS HOW THE QUESTION-ASKING PROCESS CAN BEGIN.

STORY BY JIM MODOC

Jim Modoc is a writer, traveler, and advocate for whites based out of the Pacific Northwest.
✉ jimbo.modoc@gmail.com

MADAGASCAR IS THE OLDEST island on the planet. It was the first outcast landmass to separate from Gondwana—an inconceivable 88 million years ago—never colliding into anything else. And as the dinosaurs began to take their leave, and a host of crustal fragments shifted toward the arrangement found on our modern maps, a quiet, largely quarantined experiment was set into motion. As author David Quammen has noticed, it was the same kind of experiment which has since been run by every newly formed island, but the combination of deep time and sheer scale—Madagascar is the fourth largest island in the world—distinguished what many people refer to as the Eighth Continent.

It was here that the emerging class of mammals would be winnowed into forms of extreme specificity, such as the web-footed tenrec and the Gollum-faced aye-aye. Entire families of endemic birds took wing above their slithering and plodding neighbors, themselves undergoing exceptional changes undreamed of on any mainland. The great baobab tree diversified across a thousand miles, and in the arid south a phantasmagorical spiny forest took the theme of 'thorn' to uncanny conclusions. Madagascar steadily became something unrepeatable, the home of an internally consistent menagerie which would wow every curious visitor since consciousness first encountered it. What Darwin had written of Australia's wildlife could have applied to Madagascar as well: "Two distinct Creators must have been at work."

The author A.A. Gill enjoyed a short spell there, offering his own subjective tease. "A man who knows Madagascar well told me that people who've never been to Africa before are blown away by it, and those who know Africa well are poleaxed by it. 'It's not remotely what you think. Forget everything your experience leads you to expect. It is utterly singular—one of one, and ever more will be so.'"

Russell A. Mittermeier, who has likely seen more primates in the wild than any other human in history, backs this up quantitatively: "…if one looks at the remaining intact 10 percent [of land area], where all of Madagascar's biodiversity is now concentrated, we see that it has 4 percent of all the planet's plants and animals in just 0.04 percent of its land surface, a degree of concentration of life two orders of magnitude greater than what one would expect."

And after outlining why the endemic plant, reptile, amphibian, and bird life is mostly unsurpassed, he makes the case for primates. "Madagascar is so important for primates that primatologists divide the world into four major regions, the whole of South and Central America, all of southern and Southeast Asia, mainland Africa, and Madagascar, which ranks as a full-fledged region all by itself."

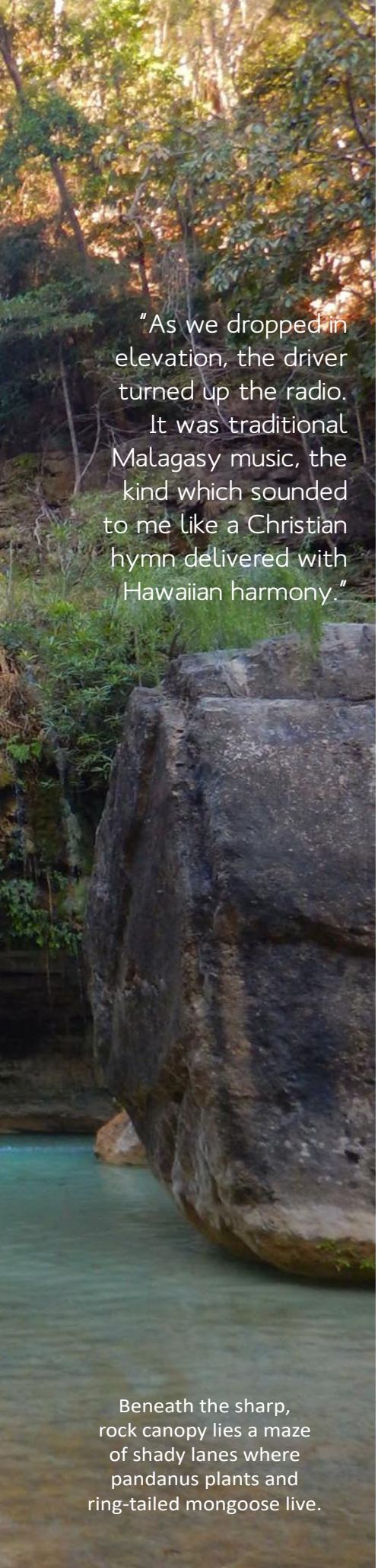
Because I have always sought that which is the least obviously derivative—encounters with the novel often hasten learning—in every sense of the word I was destined for Madagascar. Just as the ten-foot-tall elephant bird had no choice but to eventually evolve given the starting conditions of life, so too was my visit implied long ago. Though I considered it a great shame that the largest bird in the world was to exit stage left a mere thousand years before my own brief cameo, it said much about Madagascar that what remained was still enough to stupefy.

With these thoughts in mind, I left the relative safety of the central highlands for the wilder west. I sat in front with the driver, our trilingual Malagasy guide Jean-Noel, accompanied by five French travelers.

It was a delight to be in motion again, passing churches and markets. We ate in a nondescript hovel, with squat toilets in the back, the smell of cooking fire permeating our meal. Lunch was a bowl of rice with two anorexic chicken thighs. In terms of taste, the hot sauce did the heavy lifting. Outside, I washed my hands in a blue bucket. I stared at a lazy dog and his flies, trying to recall my meager Malagasy. "Ya mafana be," I muttered to a man holding a cigarette. *I am very hot*. He smiled and nodded.

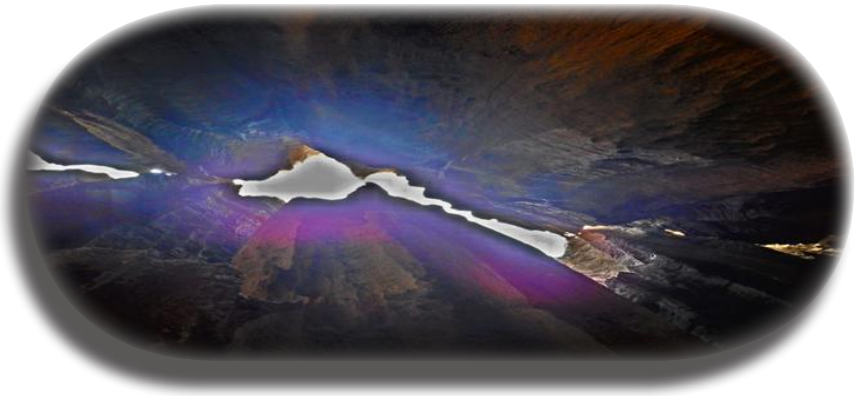
The further west one moved, the drier it became on the Great Red Island. The road

"I was destined for Madagascar. Just as the ten-foot-tall elephant bird had no choice but to eventually evolve given the starting conditions of life, so too was my visit implied long ago."



"As we dropped in elevation, the driver turned up the radio. It was traditional Malagasy music, the kind which sounded to me like a Christian hymn delivered with Hawaiian harmony."

Beneath the sharp, rock canopy lies a maze of shady lanes where pandanus plants and ring-tailed mongoose live.



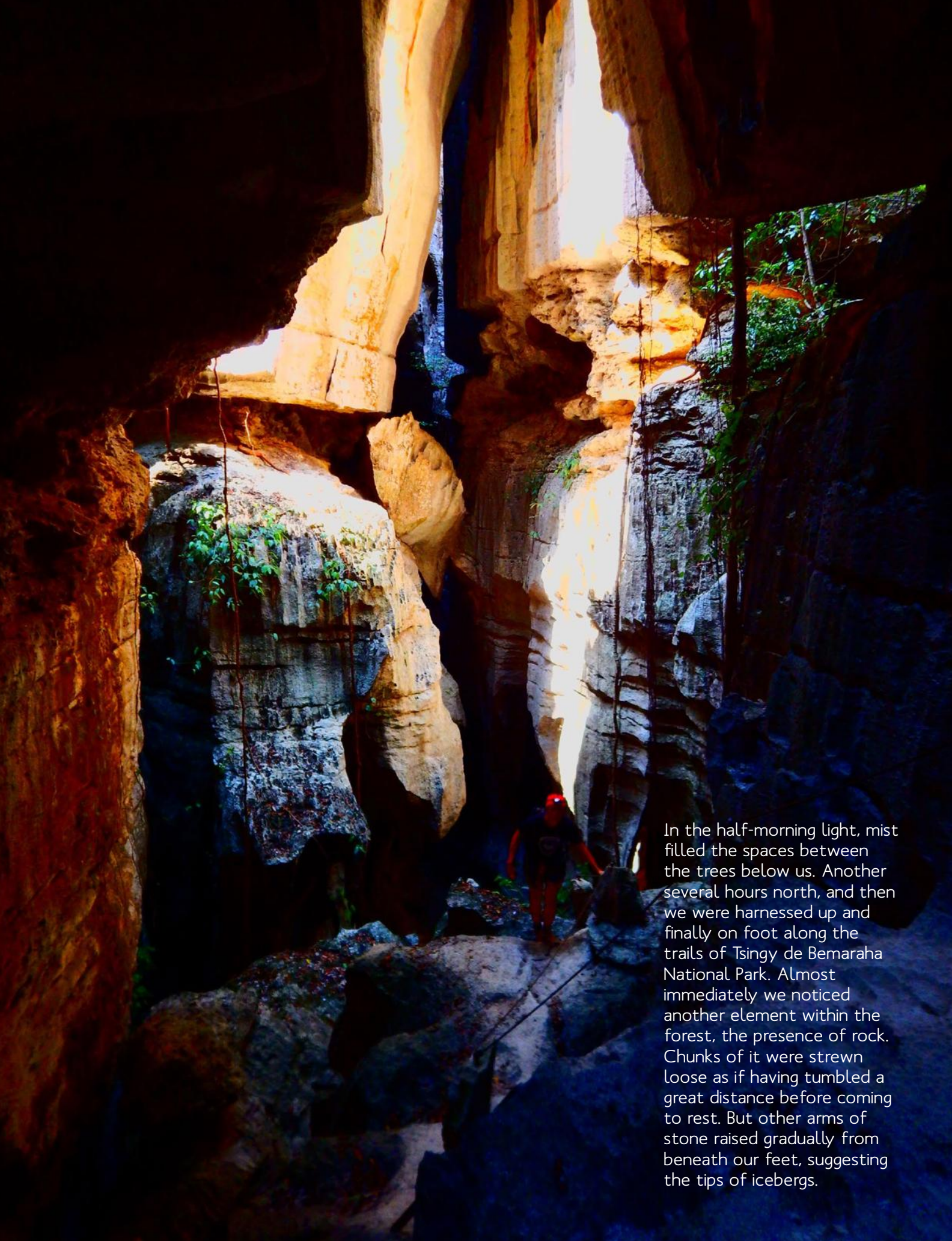
wound over the smooth hills; terraced rice paddies had been carved into many of them, making of the land a sort of earthen ziggurat. In the distance rose angled massifs, majestic in their silhouetted baldness. A kind of eucalyptus had been introduced for timber purposes, because the people had long ago exhausted their own forests.

Now and then a banana tree whizzed by, more often a mango tree or a man selling stalks of sugar cane. The zebu cattle were the tractors of this region, eaten only on special occasions or when they could no longer work. That was just as well. I found their meat tough, austere. The zebu fed on green shoots, so the farmers burned large swaths of hillside to encourage new growth. This tradition of slash and burn, called *tavy*, cheapened the soil. The people were living off the principle, not the interest. The rivers silted up, topsoil eroded, and rains delivered this wealth to a preoccupied sea.

It was a cultural practice bequeathing a diminished Madagascar to the next generation. But this was not a product of modernity or colonialism. In the most banal ways, the Malagasy had been revving up entropy since their arrival from Borneo and Tanzania. It had begun with the legendary Aepyornis, and had continued with the extinctions of the largest lemurs, a few of which had achieved the size of a fully grown gorilla. Over a dozen of them had been annihilated, and most of the remaining species were threatening to cross that Rubicon. Madagascar's unrivaled variety was rapidly ratcheting toward a familiar blandness. What this denuded progression lacked in originality—there was a certain tardiness about this change—it made up for in its execution. This was the performance of destruction which had played out on every other continent in concert with the establishment of civilization. It just so happened Madagascar's fall was occurring during an age when much of humanity knew better. It was the Unforgivable Encore.

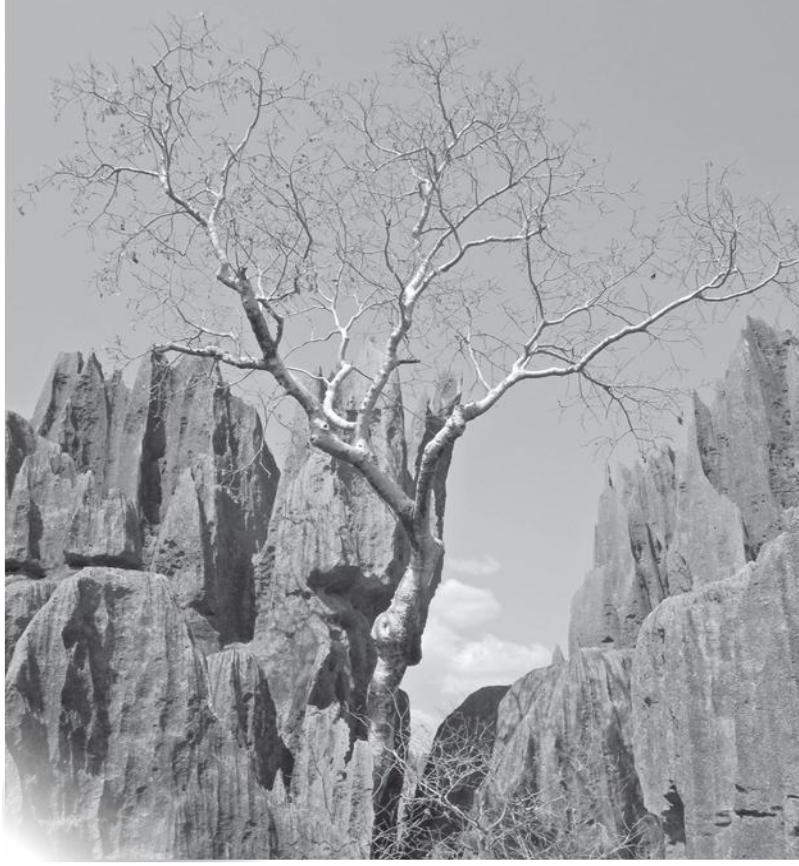
There was a tragic but predictable disconnect between Madagascar's importance and the attention it had received from the rest of the world. It really did feel like only biologists and a few French had piloted their space ships to this distant planet, a forsaken land with every reason to be appreciated as a lodestone of intrigue. Of course, the fact that it had been so well neglected was the very reason rogues like myself had sought it out in the first place. But we were ourselves too rare to be of much help. Even Dreamworks' animated films had failed to attract the kind of attention for Madagascar that would reverse the poverty and degradation which now, in many ways, better represented the island. Not that Dreamworks is in the business of nation-building, but even a single fight scene (such as that from the James Bond franchise) from a live action film could have helped tourism. The last word will, of course, go to the Malagasy people themselves.

With a sunset fast approaching, we passed a sign that began with "*salamanga*." It was a roadside welcome into Sakalava country. Whereas the Merina were of mostly Malay descent, the Sakalava were largely Bantu in appearance. Southeast Africans had appeared some 1,300 years ago, after the ancestors of the Merina had settled. Whether they had braved the perilous currents of the Mozambique Channel themselves, or had been delivered by Arab slaver traders, remains an open question. Though the Sakalava also farmed rice, their real strength was in their zebu, of which they remained the undisputed



In the half-morning light, mist filled the spaces between the trees below us. Another several hours north, and then we were harnessed up and finally on foot along the trails of Tsingy de Bemaraha National Park. Almost immediately we noticed another element within the forest, the presence of rock. Chunks of it were strewn loose as if having tumbled a great distance before coming to rest. But other arms of stone raised gradually from beneath our feet, suggesting the tips of icebergs.

Our three narrow boats glided in silence, slow enough to notice the character of the passing riverbanks, with time enough remaining for daydreams.



masters.

As we dropped in elevation, the driver turned up the radio. It was traditional Malagasy music, the kind which sounded to me like a Christian hymn delivered with Hawaiian harmony. It was indeed Christian. Depending on the tribe, religious belief here ran the gamut from utter animism to the truck driver, who had a message above the license plate that said "Jesus is the Answer." Most people seemed to live in between. As James Russell notes in The Germanization of Early Medieval Christianity, "Conversion is as much a bargaining process as a conquest, with the indigenous people transforming creed even as it changes them."

The road led west, and downhill. We stopped on a rise to watch the sun set behind the Bemaraha plateau. It wasn't even six o'clock. In dusty Miandrivazo the bed nets had holes, and geckos chirped from the cracks in the walls. I noticed a grotesque wasp an inch long, the kind with a violin body. During a still hour deep in the night, the pleasant fan breeze faded into a warmth that kept my dreams at bay until around four, when the first cock crowed. Not to be outdone, the rest followed on the heels of his echo. Then the turkey offered its hideous soundbyte for no reason at all, for the rules of his game were different altogether. This continued periodically for a couple hours until breakfast. I wore the same clothes, except for the socks. My humanity rested in a pair of clean socks.

It was an hour's drive to the river, and outside the open window a kapok tree glistened in the cool morning light. The landscape appeared desiccated and lush, depending on slight changes in elevation. A river ran through here.

We soon approached it. Children ran beside our wheels, beaming. They did not respond to French. A village met the river's edge, and here three pirogues had been pulled ashore. Each was fashioned from a single tree trunk and patched with puzzle pieces of metal and plastic. Men made seats of foam mattresses for the six of us. I felt deeply relieved Jean-Noel had brought umbrellas, as the west was an oven. Under the shade of these parasols, we shoved off, floating downstream on the Mahajilo (meaning "you can seek"). Later, we joined another channel, entering the wider Tsiribihina ("don't put your foot in the river"). Crocs.

Our three narrow boats glided in silence, slow enough to notice the character of the passing riverbanks, with time enough remaining for daydreams. This westward journey brought a welcome procession of trees. The voices of the village children faded, "*Vazaha! Vazaha*. . . ." There was the splash of a paddle, the occasional clucking of our unfortunate chickens now dwelling in the back of my pirogue, and sometimes chunks of muttered French or Malagasy that wafted over the water like inconsequential dragonflies. I could dwell on it all, or not. None of it was meant for me.

Given how few trains still operated on the island, and considering the unreliability of Air Mad, and stipulating to the uncomfortable nature of a taxi-brousse bench, following the river was the best way to get around here. Jean-Noel pointed at chameleons and kingfishers.

We stopped for lunch near a village where the people grew tobacco. The chickens were granted a stay of execution. What we did not eat was given to the villagers. They stared at us. They could not help themselves, and indeed we may have been the best diversion all day. A mother took her breast out for her suckling infant. Kids repeated their learned phrases, "*Vazaha*, photo!" No one here appeared to enjoy (desire?) any privacy their entire life.

Further down the river, I snuck a rare nap beneath my circle of shade before we entered the high walls of the Bemaraha plateau. The bald gates of

The stone forest of the tsingy stretches for miles

limestone made me sit up straight. Egrets and herons clung to invisible holds along the sheerness, their twig nests suspended more by myth than physics. Crocodiles lay in wait in muddy grottoes, families of curious bats stared down from their rocky nooks of claustrophobia watching our languorous drifting. Or perhaps the crocs were not laying in wait. Maybe the bats paid us no notice after all. I thought of something Camus had written:

"…strangeness creeps in: perceiving that the world is 'dense,' sensing to what a degree a stone is foreign and irreducible to us, with what intensity nature or landscape can negate us. At the heart of all beauty lies something inhuman, and these hills, the softness of the sky, the outline of these trees at this very minute lose the illusory meaning with which we had clothed them, henceforth more remote than a lost paradise. The primitive hostility of the world rises up to face us across millennia, for a second we cease to understand it because for centuries we have understood in it solely the images and designs that we had attributed to it beforehand, because henceforth we lack the power to make use of that artifice. The world evades us because it becomes itself again."

–The Myth of Sisyphus

We floated smoothly for hours.

Our proposed campsite changed at the last moment, when Jean-Noel conferred with the chief of a nearby village. We learned of a soldier who had recently been murdered while protecting a herd of zebu. This had occurred in the area, so we camped near the village along the riverbank.

Just after dusk I heard Jean-Noel approach the flap of my tent. "Hey Jim! What is the capital of Italy?"

"Rome."

"Tonight we drink Rome!"

I hadn't been craving alcohol, but I reasoned *When in Rome*. . . . The rum was strong, and one of our paddlers was already beyond conversing. He began moving boxes one by one to a spot five feet away, his porter responsibilities misfiring.

In the morning we were paddled a few minutes to the opposite bank to bathe beneath a waterfall. The wet cliff was encrusted in calcium. A troop of brown lemurs moved quickly through the trees, each leaping across the gap of branches created by the cool brook below. This troop made its way later to a grand ficus tree by the river, where a man sliced mango for them.

Back in our pirogues, we came upon our first baobab: a lone cylinder amidst a twiggy underbrush. More and more, by and by. By lunch time they had conquered entire hillsides. It is uplifting to behold a baobab. They promise something

big is happening.

The next day was spent driving north to Andadoany, the gateway to the remote western land of the *tsingy*. We bounced along rutted roads, crossing another river atop a makeshift ferry. It was really two motorboats lashed together, supporting a wooden platform. I worried the young ferrymen would not line up the treaded metal ramps correctly, and that we would watch our vehicle tumble on its side. Their margin for error was slim, but this haphazard system was jimmy-rigged for the bush, and everyone made it across the muddy waters.

Our group was joined by Nacho, a Spanish photographer I had met at the *famadihana* back in the highlands, a ceremony in which the Malagasy exhume their ancestors and literally dance with the dead. Nacho shared my ignorance of French, and we indulged in conversation.

Nacho had done advertising work related to the ongoing construction of one of the strangest buildings ever conceived, Antoni Gaudí's famous Sagrada Família. Its spires were oddly pitted, resembling decaying cobs of corn. Gaudí claimed his designs had come "from the Great Book of Nature." As the light faded, we were aware that the following day would be spent among a similarly grand one-off, straight from the pages of Gaudí's book.

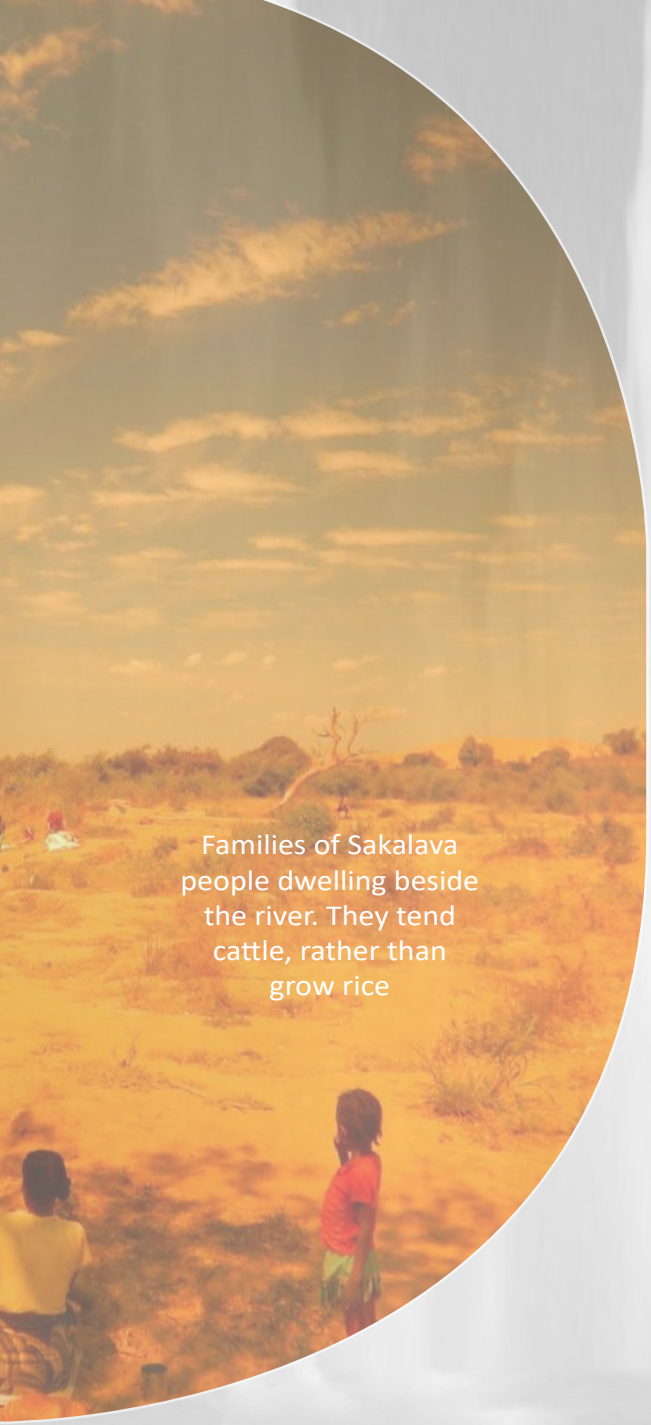
In the half-morning light, mist filled the spaces between the trees below us. Another several hours north, and then we were harnessed up and finally on foot along the trails of Tsingy de Bemaraha National Park. Almost immediately we noticed another element within the forest, the presence of rock. Chunks of it were strewn loose as if having tumbled a great distance before coming to rest. But other arms of stone raised gradually from beneath our feet, suggesting the tips of icebergs.

When I pieced together what we had witnessed from the river, it dawned on me the sheer size of the Bemaraha Plateau. This was a shelf of rock stretching around a hundred miles north to south. We had witnessed the sun setting behind the plateau days earlier, and from our pirogues we had entered between its high walls. The river had sliced through this solid bulge, and its blue-gray innards had appeared on either side of us.

We had been stepping along the scalloped and seemingly glazed surface of a great "clay" cake. We had noticed then how the cake had been aged, and creases had split vertically and horizontally along the side-cuts we floated past, turning the entire canyon wall into a monocolored Rubik's Cube.

This superstructure was actually hard limestone, the illusion afforded by a vast timescale only a sufficiently ancient island could accommodate. We hiked through the trees until we met with a formidable rock wall, forcing us to attach our carabiners to steel wires strung through the crevices. I had seen photographs, and I knew that our ascent would provide a landscape in literally sharp relief. But what I had not expected were the sides and underbelly of the rock to express such complexity.

In this karst region, rivers had



Families of Sakalava people dwelling beside the river. They tend cattle, rather than grow rice

tunneled through the lower layers of the cake, providing a rounded contrast to the edged pinnacles hundreds of feet above. Not only this, but many segments of rock had been weathered from the top down, only to crack and fall to the side eons ago. These tumbled chunks had since become further weathered, again from the top down, leaving a block fissured and fluted on several sides.

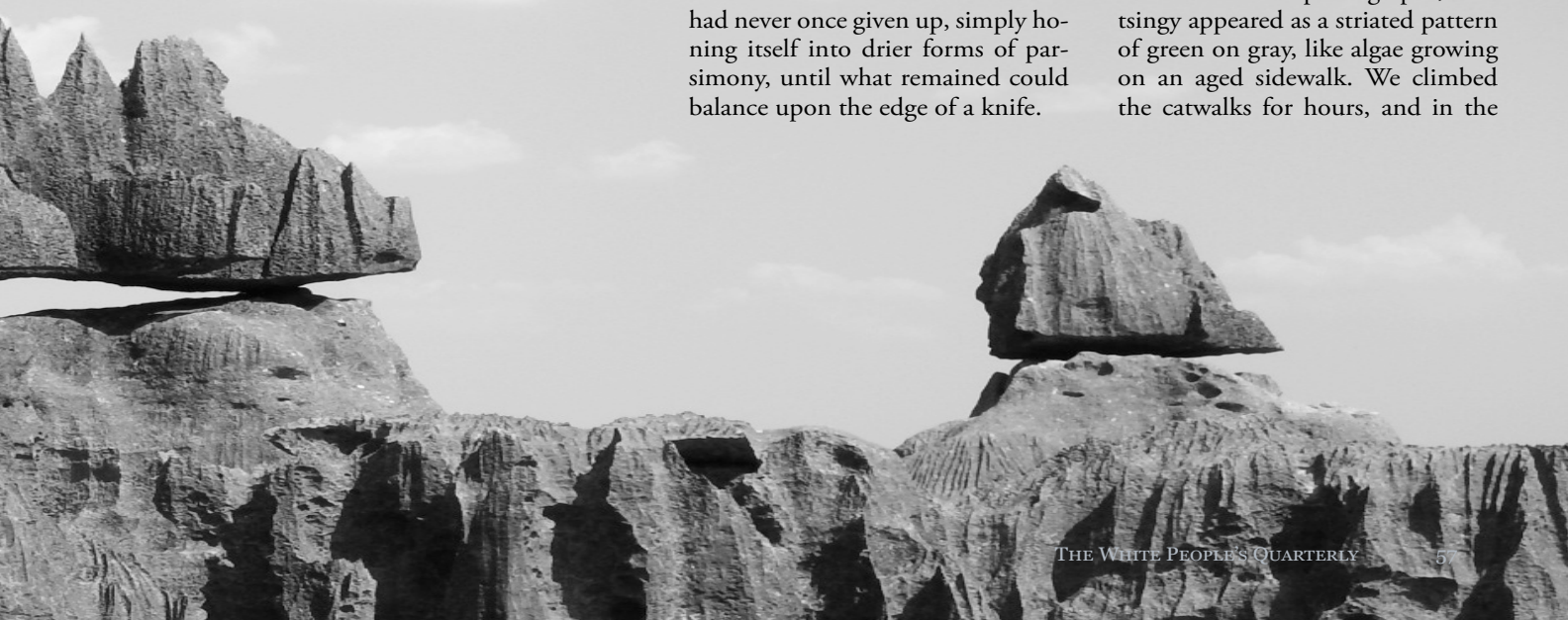
Long ago, layers of calcite had accumulated along the bottom of a Jurassic lagoon. The earth had shifted and rumbled several times since then, elevating the limestone high enough to escape its submersion, only to suffer torrents of rainfall. This torment of erosion had rid the environment of anything soft and weak. In this complex land created by subtraction, what remained had been heavily chiseled. Palisades of stone blades rose above the forest.

Humans arrived later, and had given an appropriate name to this inhospitable place. The Malagasy word *tsingy* meant "where one cannot walk barefoot." But barefoot life had never once given up, simply honing itself into drier forms of parsimony, until what remained could balance upon the edge of a knife.

We spotted a family of Von der Decken's sifaka arrayed among the branches of a tree adjacent to the tsingy's fortress walls. These lemurs were famous for leaping nonchalantly amongst the daggers of their backyard. At the top, along the spiky crown of the cake, xerophilic packypodium species appeared to grow directly out of the barren rock, flowering in rebellious pockets of yellow and white.

I could see below the sharp surface long stone corridors, technically known as grikes, which appeared as a grid of avenues. These had allowed wildlife to spread and further evolve into obscure niches within this hard labyrinth. Indeed, these rock walls had more recently served as a kind of barbed wire, preventing fire and cattle alike from perturbing the cathedral's microcosmic stillness within. Scientists had discovered new species every time they took a close look: highly specified plants, crabs, fish, snails, parrots, lemurs, mongoose. The lanky *fossa* hunted in the shady recesses between the towers.

From aerial photographs, the tsingy appeared as a striated pattern of green on gray, like algae growing on an aged sidewalk. We climbed the catwalks for hours, and in the



mottled light of lunchtime, deep in a canyon, I daydreamed of taking a hot air balloon ride above a sea of needles.

Some thirty miles east of the tsingy, and perhaps not so far, lay one of the many stretches of infamous Zone Rouges. These were areas of lightly settled land comprising the spaces in between larger cities. Unpaved, largely unpatrolled, and therefore lawless and sweltering, this was the Wild West of Madagascar. These remote tracts of land were home to the cattle-rustling *dahalo* (Malagasy for bandits), who were known to tote automatic rifles and sported an uncompromising demeanor.

While the theft of zebu—a loss that could take a Malagasy years to recover from—had increased since the coup of 2009, the region's thievery was downright traditional in its longevity. British Consul William Clayton Pickersgill had hoofed through western Madagascar in the 1870s, penning this description of the sunset view of the Bemaraha Plateau:

> *Beyond an unpeopled region of hills . . . there lies a mighty valley. And we peered into it from the brink of that long eastern wall, wondering if any great seaflood had ever poured between there and the answering heights, far-drawn in rock-breasted cliff, thirty miles nearer sunset across the void.*

But Pickersgill had also written about the frequent ambushes the local Malagasy endured. The theft of a zebu was built into the rite of passage in the Bara and Sakalava tribes. A boy could not become a man until he had successfully stolen livestock.

One Malagasy proverb goes: *the food which is prepared has no master*. This seems to dovetail with other beliefs of a culture where ownership is either not recognized, or threatened often. Perhaps hospitality and thievery hold hands beneath the table, I mused.

During dinner I noticed a nervous man carrying a stick with a blade at the end. He muttered news to the concerned waiters. A gunshot broke the anxious silence. It was not far, perhaps a stone's throw away, and I could see flashlights moving about below. My waiter informed me a drunk had killed someone with a machete.

"When a man drinks alcohol . . . you know what happens after."

I was wary to return down the footpath, and closed the window shutters for the night. I was not convinced drunk men casually murdered each other, but the gunshot had been real enough. The next morning Jean-Noel gave a different account. A posse of seven armed *dahalo* had attacked the hotel next to ours. The manager had told the gang he had no money. They had beat him until he changed his mind. The *gendarme* had arrived in time for an armed standoff, but the thugs had escaped into the night.

This version was bolstered by the fact that Jean-Noel's brother-in-law was on the local police force, a paltry team of ten. The nearest reinforcements were 24 kilometers away on a dirt road interrupted by a ferry. That meant one *gendarme* per 900 people in the village of Bekopaka. What could they do?

The violent nature of the region was underscored by the apparent fact that Bekopaka had been named after the sound of an AK-47: "Be-Pok!"

I reflected on those miracle plants emerging from solid stone. It was true their flowers were made even more beautiful when contrasted against the gray barrenness from which they erupted, but these were also stunted compared to the plant life we had passed along the riverbanks.

The people of the west could also be seen in different ways. They could be praised for their resolve to survive in a hostile region, or they could also be recognized as limited by their environment.

The two-week vacation might lead some travelers to take the former view, and share photos of dark faces with lighter faces back home. "Aren't their weathered features gorgeous? And they're so friendly and resourceful!" None of this was necessarily wrong, but a longer stay could disrupt a conveniently Pollyanna outlook.

This was the First Island, on the far side of the globe, and I felt Madagascar demanded long-form. I had reached the west, and now it was time to follow the natural edge of the coastline to wherever it would lead. ■

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ÜBER
MUSIC FOR

FOLK NATIONS

MUSIC FOR US

New Paradigm Review takes a look at the debut album from Überfolk: *Music for Nations*.

Überfolk is a project that aims to cultivate positive expressions of nationalism and European identity. Combining elements of classical, folk, rock, and orchestral music, the duo's double album debut comes in at 80 minutes long and includes 19 inspiring tracks.

Music for Nations is the debut album from international neo-folk group Überfolk, which contains an expansive 19 tracks performed by the duo of George Burdi and Cat Weiss.

Neo-folk has always been a genre that relied heavily on *implicit* celebrations of European culture and history, which is interesting considering that most neo-folk artists have remained silent as European culture and history have endured increasingly serious attacks in recent years. Überfolk is part of a new wave of neo-folk artists that addresses these issues head-on—with music that incorporates European themes not as props, but as *explicit* celebrations of a people.

The accompaniment throughout *Music for Nations* consists of acoustic guitar, synthesized strings, choirs, and an array of classical instruments. The song structures are straightforward, though more melodically adventurous than your standard neo-folk fare. The vocals are calm but powerful, and at times almost operatic. Both vocalists give strong performances, and the interplay between them is wonderful and without a doubt one of the highlights of the album. Every aspect of the production is professional as well, from the recording and mixing, to the composition and presentation.

Being a folk album, the atmosphere tends to conjure up imagery of a past age. Tracks like "Stardust" would not sound out of place being performed by a renaissance minstrel. And one of the absolute highlights is the ninth track "Away," which is another modern minstrel song featuring driving percussion and powerful lyrics and vocal work:

Go away from the world
Go away from the world
Let them choose to be slaves
If they're born to be slaves
Freedom can't be forced on a people
If they can live in the dark
And believe it is day
The only path left for the sovereign soul
Is to go to the mountains
And forests alone
Flow with the energy
Maintain integrity
Be what your fathers
and mothers decreed

The New Paradigm Review is a web-zine that focuses on race, evolution, group dynamics, and more from a New Right perspective. Also published at: NewParadigmReview.wordpress.com

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"The lyrics are not abstract poems. They are references to real-world struggles and to calamity to come"

The music occasionally drifts into neo-classical territory, which works well with Weiss' soaring vocals, and is best represented in the bombastic tune "Hyperborean Sun." The album gives the listener only a small taste of neo-classical material. We hope the group will explore this style more going forward. At times the group is reminiscent of Dead Can Dance. It would be interesting to see them develop this aspect of their sound more in the future and compose an entire album in this style.

This is distinctly political music, and as such it is connected to a specific time and place. The lyrics are not abstract poems. They are references to real-world struggles and to calamity to come. Considering the seriousness of the subject matter, Überfolk has succeeded in crafting something that is political, but more art than activism. The lyrics can be dark, but they are written and conveyed in a sober and thought-provoking way. There is a fine line to walk when making reference to ongoing conflict, and one can imagine how easy it might be for an artist to let their outrage get the best of them and descend into unproductive anger. Überfolk manages to avoid that pitfall, and in doing so sets an example for artists of similar leanings.

All in all, *Music for Nations* is a strong, professionally made album that will appeal to fans of the genre. Check it out now, and keep an eye out for future developments from this group. ■

Überfolk is anchored by George Burdi, known best for his role in 1990s iconic metal band RAHOWA, as well as the industrial electronic act NOVACOSM. Cat Weiss is a classically trained vocalist who has contributed to a number of musical acts throughout her career.

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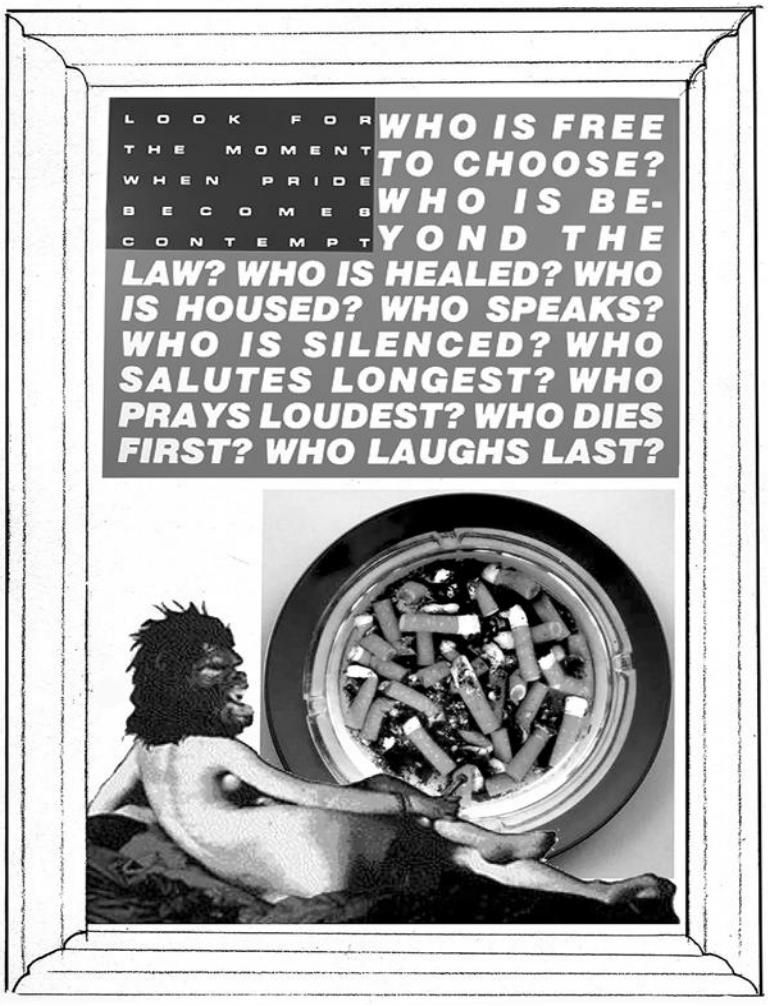
White Art in the Postmodern Era

by **Donald Kent**



Contemporary art is dominated by an anti-white ideology that is harmful toward our collective cultural identity. The common public, namely traditionalist whites, are alienated by postmodern art; they do not connect with what is produced by the upper echelons of the art establishment and the non-profit, "community-based" art organizations that fund and platform projects that are antagonistic toward whites and our culture. The average middle-class white person is the polar opposite of all that postmodern art represents. From the quasi-intellectual deconstructionism of radical nihilist philosophers who laid the academic bedrock of postmodern art, to the sheer physical medium and raw materials, it is all weaponized against us. A straight white man

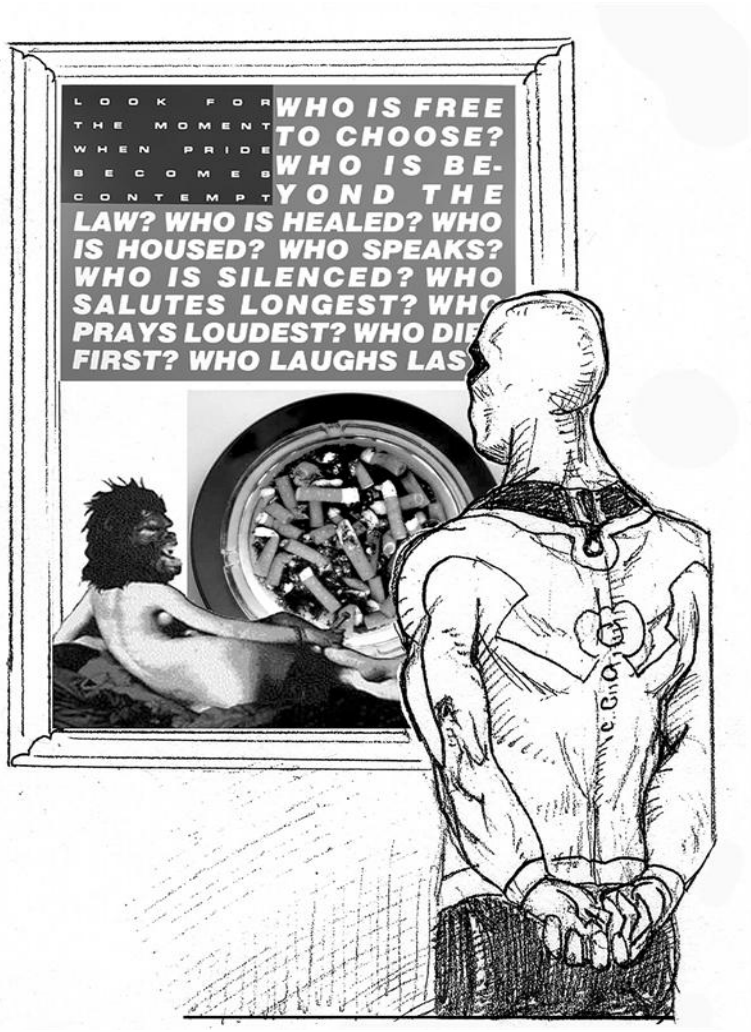
Donald Kent holds a BFA in Painting and studied traditional Asian painting in Japan and Taiwan. He also holds a degree in Art Education and Master's degree in Educational Technology, and has been in the teaching field for over twenty years. He has been a successful musician, freelance designer, and comic book illustrator since 2003. On the web at AmericanZarathustra.com

has a better chance of fitting through the eye of a needle than getting a grant to make art that represents his experience and role in culture.

For this and many more reasons, whites must take it upon ourselves to reclaim our art history and mythos. We are the heirs to all the great Western art treasures—from Scythian jewelry to the wall paintings of Pompeii, the Notre Dame Cathedral to Mount Rushmore, baroque guitars to breaking guitars—so why are we not immersed in the aesthetic richness of our own heritage? Aside from popular music and media that is wrought with commercialism and subliminal demoralization, parading mediocrity and rewarding conformity, white people have an ocean of treasures from which to draw, each to his or her own interest. Whites must see ourselves in these works and take ownership of the civilization that brought all of this aesthetic culture out of the void. Let our hearts and minds revel in wonder at the profound achievements and struggles our people have documented through the arts.

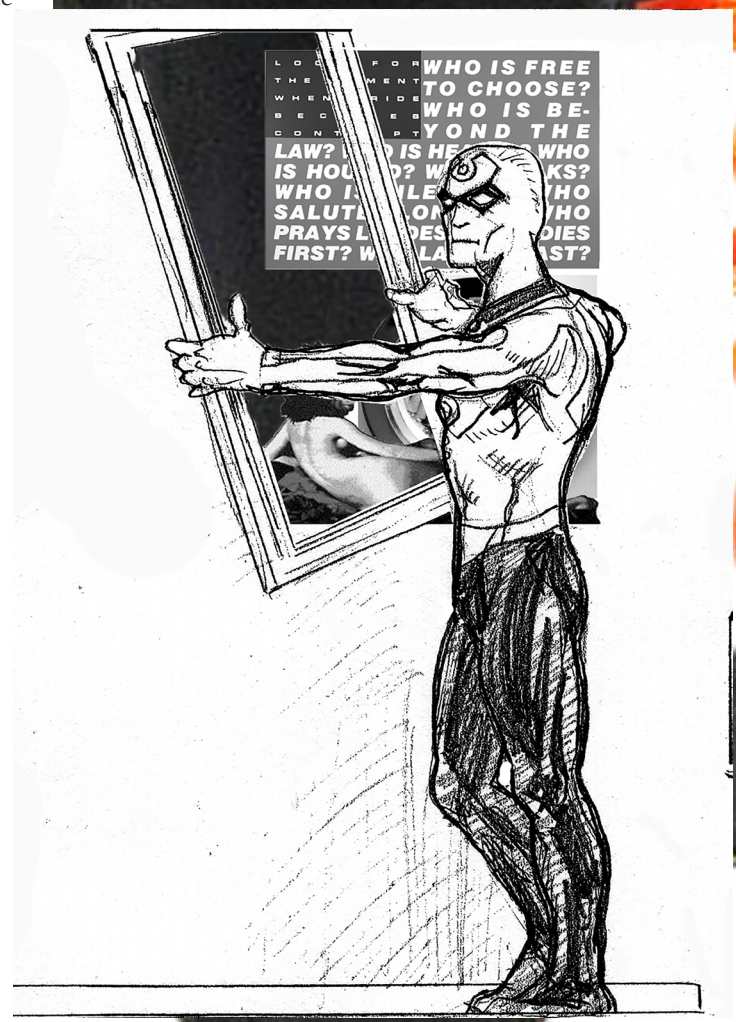
Today we stand alone outside the gilded gates of the art world, banished by the elite cultural mafia that runs it. Gallery owners who get paid in pandering from their Warholian adherents and other would-be artists that traipse around at their vapid openings, toeing the line of their university professors' platitudes and searching desperately for their fifteen minutes of fame. Nothing could be less inclusive or further from the spirit of art, and the irony of institutions claiming to represent art being so deluded in their role, catering to an army of propagandists, is surreal—like Dada on steroids.

So, what are the duties and responsibilities of white artists dealing with a hostile art establishment? What is their purpose in a time of grim speculation, where there exists a growing crisis regarding their own erasure? The white artist must be educated in, and align himself with, the fundamental standards of art that evolved throughout our history. While we have diverse ethnic voices, we can no longer be oblivious to the cultural paradigm that views us as the enemy, and we must be conscious that white art is now dissident art. Whether or not white creators and performers choose



"The white artist must know and master the elements and principles of art, speak this language eloquently, and wield it as a surgeon does his scalpel"

to express their identity explicitly, white art, as dissident art, is pitted against the tenets of post-modernism, and is therefore an affront to the art world's power structure. Most white people are unaware of this, or they shy away from it or deny the power structure exists; however, whites who *are* aware can and should lead the way while encouraging other whites to follow. Art in pro-white circles has been primarily internet-based, but it is time for producers to take their work into real life, by either creating their own art venues or using guerilla-art tactics.



Artistic abilities improve over time after a concerted effort; physical skills can be learned, but art does not come from the hands, it comes from the spirit and through the mind as something in and of the culture. In the Europe of old, artisans, artists, and craftsmen were a dime a dozen, and they held very different roles in society than the artist does today. The overlap between artistry and professional identity was often blurred, but one need not be a connoisseur to appreciate place and time, because we are all *of that culture*. One can see the primitive charm of Eastern Orthodox portraits of saints, in their flat and decorative simplicity, and be stunned by the imperceivable brush of a Vermeer maiden. Artists and art lovers alike can hone their critical thinking skills and ask of each work of art what it is, and why they like or dislike it. They can learn about the context of the art, the movement, and the creator, to find its place in the mosaic of the white experience. All of us can and should test the relationship between the artwork's form and message, interrogate it to test the means by which it makes its statement, and try to determine if it has something

worth saying.

White artists deserve to be held to the same standard as warriors, for their activity threatens to destabilize the anti-white art establishment. It is up to them to rescue the White Narrative from subversive ideologies that have infiltrated the Western mythos since Roman times. The usurpers game is to break our rules, demoralize us, and attack beauty in an adolescent rebellion of vulgarity and anti-art, mute in technique and entirely neurotic. The white artist must know and master the elements and principles of art, speak this language eloquently, and wield it as a surgeon does his scalpel. The white artist sings from the heart, not through the echo chamber of commercially viable formats, foreign cultural dialects, and auto-tuned technology. White artists must form their own media platforms, sales networks, and cultural venues, without having to justify their actions to the art world or apologize for skirting its diversity quotas. We are the sun around which our enemies revolve, their envy of our civilization the gravity that draws them to us. We wish them peace and prosperity within their own ethno-cultural zones, but we are not obligated any longer to turn over our own to them.

Most importantly of all, however, white people and white artists must both return to the homelands of our collective spirit. Our voice is timeless and honors our ancestors, and it is our duty to pass that torch to our children. We must define ourselves just as others define themselves, which ironically often revolves around being *not us*. The objective of white art is to preserve and progress our traditions and identity, not to disgust others and use as tool to express our individual greatness. As anti-white art grows ever more dysfunctional as a social commodity for gallery ghosts to use in a symbolic war against us, whites must stand strong, be proud, and go our own way. Postmodern art dedicates itself to silencing and degrading us. But that era is now over, and it's time for us to produce aesthetic experiences that better represent our particularist desires and heroic ideals. ■

Pulse

POEM BY Jared George

ART BY Ludwig Fahrenkrog

Drumming
wheels of time unravel
lengthening
the chapters woven.
In the wood
thoughts peer through,
wisps of green,
our instincts wrapping
in a perfume now seducing
us into our next condition
yielding to magnetic tethers
pulling toward the next edge.
Always searching
but home in searching--
pulsing, turning,
dancing, waiting.

Beat the rhythms,
each phrase an age
cloaked in capsules,
tears and droplets,
blood in death and new creation.
Wise ones looking like us,
maybe over on that mountain,
maybe here but 'tween our blinking--
some bearded, hardened, retching, reaching,
some glowing, giving, nurture-making.

I prayed not for a thing
but to be, and ring
my call to sound
through each new something,
proceeding from me,
my time, earthly--
steely, steady,
blast through being.

Flux and twinkle
off and on,
from eye's eye
yet a constant march remaining,
within, above,
the changing--
rooting, breathing,
striving, living.

Jared George makes videos, livestreams, poems, articles, shirts and more, presented via TheGreatOrder.com and associated social media accounts.

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EL CENTRO

by PAUL MARLAIS

THE CAMION—a paint-stripped slug of a bus with a 1970s frame commonly found in Mexico, running on a rotation of recycled, unreliable innards—was headed south. There was no noticeable breakdown, but something, at some point, went wrong, so the driver drifted onto the dirt-flanked shoulder and backed into a service station.

Ed asked the driver if the bus was broken, "El camion esta roto?"

"Sí," he replied before stepping out with the woman who had sold Ed the ticket earlier and appeared to be catching a ride home.

Then Ed, being the only passenger on this trip, was alone. The road was boiling in the June swelter as cars and motorbikes whizzed by; the pressing heat was soon seeping through the still bus. This was deep, rural Mexico—the impoverished tropics—cased in dense flora and palm trees that grew like weeds.

For the past six months Ed had been living in the town the bus had departed from no more than twenty minutes prior. But with a total population of 3,000 inhabitants, it was too small—amenities were sparse, there was no fast food, and he needed a change. Ed's destination was Manzanillo, the largest port city in Mexico, situated halfway down the country on the Pacific Coast side of the map. His plan was to case it for a day and look for an apartment before making the move in full. And he'd gotten a late start, so this was less than ideal.

Two hours later they were back on the road, and rolled into Manzanillo as storm clouds brewed inland, distant but incoming, over coastal avocado hills. Upon arrival at the bus station Ed asked the woman behind the information desk where the central part of the city was.

She said, "El Centro."

Foregoing an easy taxi ride into town, Ed

Paul Marlais is a writer and the author of a new book titled *The Reclamations*, which was published by The White People's Press in 2019.

On the web at:
PaulMarlais.com

instead caught a camion at a bus stop near the terminal. El Centro was part of the Old Town near the marina. He got off the bus and began walking as the heat pushed down and his overstuffed backpack straps burned into his shoulders. It seemed about the least central-looking area of any central area he'd ever been to. And after several minutes of walking he still hadn't seen a single hotel. There wasn't much activity at all along El Centro's crumbling streets.

When he finally found a hotel, there was no staff visible on site, so Ed put his bag down and meandered about the shady courtyard, keeping a safe distance from the gang of stray dogs lounging on the far side, until a woman emerged from one of the rooms. She explained to Ed that while this was a hotel *técnicamente*, it was not a hotel in *este momento*, so there was nowhere for Ed to stay.

"Donde esta un otro?"

"Otro hotel aqui?" she rasped out, glancing around as they exited the building together. "Cerca de aqui . . . en El Centro? . . . No sé." Maybe a few blocks in the direction he came from, then a few more to the left, she appeared to indicate. ". . . Es posible."

He asked if it was normal for there to be no hotels in the center of the city.

"Sí," she responded. "Es normal."

It was drizzling now; one of those rare, light, sunny-day showers. Ed walked back in the direction from which he came but cut down a different street and eventually met with a run-down building, ten-stories tall, that looked like—*it could be*—a hotel. Something close to one. The marquee—a thick, 10x5 foot, 300 lb rectangular sign that was leaning against a second-floor-balcony railing directly over the front entrance, sure to crush to death anyone standing below should the railing give—said: The Hotel Hidalgo. *Perfecto*.

A lone, upper-middle-aged man was sitting directly under the sign at a table just outside the open-air entrance and chin-greeted Ed as he walked up. Ed glanced in at the vacant front desk and deduced that he was the man who was supposed to be behind it.

"Ustedes tienen cuartos por anoche?" Ed asked.

"Where are you from, amigo?"

"Chicago." Ed wasn't from Chicago.

"Chicago? All right. I'm from New Jersey. I have a room available, but it's a double with aircon. Three-hundred and fifty pesos."

"I'll pay 250."

"Two-seventy-five is okay. So what are you doing here, amigo?"

"I'm looking to rent an apartment in Manzanillo, but I need a place to put my stuff. Might've picked a bad day, though. Looks like it's about to start raining."

"I think you may have some time," he said, eyes squinting at the sky.

The man showed Ed the room. Ed said he'd take it and told him he'd be back down to pay after getting situated. The room was disgusting. There was an evident roach problem, and the bedding had been used for so long, by so many underkempt strangers, that all color had faded forever into the spectrum of gray. But options seemed limited, it was only for one night, and he'd gotten a late start.

Ed arose after a brief rest. He could hear the rain coming down hard. He stood in the area between to two beds and drew the curtains back, revealing a large window pane the size of the wall that was covered in bird poop. Then the stale smell hit him. He winced and stepped back.

It seemed remarkable that such a large quantity of bird poop could have amassed on a vertical window pane, but it clearly hadn't been cleaned in a long time, if ever. *Just one night*, he told himself again before changing clothes, going back down, and paying at the front desk. Ed talked to the front desk guy in the open-air entrance of the hotel for a bit, not directly under the sign on the balcony above, but beyond the strike of the rain. He informed Ed that *El Centro* was not actually the center of Manzanillo, and in fact, couldn't have been farther away from any supposed central area were one to exist, which it didn't.

"But if a more central area *did* exist, where would it be?"

"Since it doesn't it's hard to say. But I'd try Salagua. Maybe 30 minutes from here, unless it's raining a lot."

The front desk guy proceeded to explain that to get to Salagua Ed would have to take camion number one or six on the main road and get off at the Walmart. Umbrella up, he headed out.

The camion stopped frequently for pickups and drop offs as it rolled down the main road that ran parallel to the ocean, Miguel de la Madrid, passing the port and its attendant cranes and stacked shipping containers, before reaching an area that looked considerably more central, where Ed hopped off and hit the streets.

The better part of the city was stretched out along Miguel de la Madrid, making it difficult to get anywhere quickly on foot. But the dark skies had dissipated and the sun was back out—a few good hours of light left to find an apartment. Along the beach were vacant ghost-condos that either didn't rent monthly or weren't allowed to go below $1000 US a month. And while Ed wasn't against splurging, he was familiar enough with Mexico to know what was reasonable and what was not.

Manzanillo's better neighborhoods were for the most part a step up from the poor rural town he was trying to escape. Paved roads, departments stores, and chain restaurants that were a luxury in a land lacking culinary consistency, where the pork at your favorite taco spot on the corner, as Ed had found out the hard way, might actually be feeding you horse.

Along the main road was the best of coastal Mexico: palmed avenues and ornate villas and a calm local vibe; but just behind it—what residents understood and visitors best be quick to understand—was the inescapable duality of the country, where one turn could land you in a trash-ridden ghetto, with buildings leveled by long-ago earthquakes and never repaired, feral pit bulls, and eyes on pockets. In the daylight there was little concern for safety anywhere. But after sundown both rich and poor scurried behind layers of steel gates and barred windows.

Ed was figuring out fast that the port city was not designed for tourism, and he couldn't find anything relative to the distances he was covering in his sandals, so he began asking around and eventually got tipped off that he'd have better luck a mile down the road, in an area named Santiago. He jumped back on a camion and got off at a small garden square, El Jardin de Santiago, packed with cheap carnival-trickster booths and corn-cup peddlers.

At the Hotel Santiago, at the back of the square, he asked the girl at the front desk if the neighborhood was a good one. "Aqui es peligroso?"

"No sí aqui es muy seguro."

Ed told her he was looking to rent an apartment for a month and asked her if she knew anyone with something on offer. "Conoces alguien?"

"Creo que sí," she replied affirmatively.

She picked up the phone and made a call. Afterward she told Ed that a woman would meet him there in half an hour to show him around or help him look or make him an offer or something, maybe, is what he thought she said. Ed then asked her what there was to do in the area.

"Aqui no hay mucho."

"Donde esta una tienda?" Ed asked, enquiring where the closest store was.

"Hm no sé."

"You don't know where a store is?"

"No hay muchas tiendas aqui."

Ed said he would come back in thirty minutes to meet the woman and went off on his own but was unable to find a store. After asking around, he was informed that a store could be found fifteen blocks away. That seemed rather far, but he made the trek and scoped it out as a potential spot for sustenance, were he to live here, and determined that it would do.

On his way back, he noticed a youth hostel. It seemed like a strange location for a youth hostel given how dirty and unappealing the neighborhood was. No tourists around, not a gringo in sight—it didn't make sense. A young girl greeted Ed at the front desk as a lone male watched from the communal area.

"We can speak English," she said after he fumbled. "And I can look up apartments on the internet for you."

"Ah the internet. Didn't think about that. Is there a closer store than the one at the end of this street, though? The one that's fifteen blocks away?"

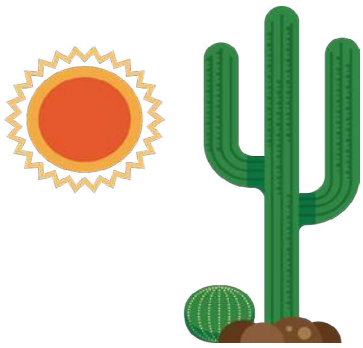
"No, I think that's the only store."

"Don't you think that's strange? That there's only one store and it's so far away? That isn't normal, is it?"

"Yes, it's normal."

She helped Ed search for apartments but options were limited: far from the beach, unfurnished, or with some other issue. Ed explained that he hadn't really planned this trip out and was stuck in a roach motel in El Centro.

"El Centro? *really?* God why. You can stay here instead," she said, "these rooms are open," gesturing at a row of doors. "Do you want to see?" grabbing a key and walking



around the desk. Ed followed her to one of the rooms and they went inside. "So why are you in Mexico?"

"That's a good question."

"I think you will maybe not like this area. But El Centro is much worse."

"Crime pretty bad in El Centro?"

"No. Maybe. I don't know. But nobody likes El Centro."

Ed entered the bathroom and flipped on the light. No roaches. "But I can't stay here for a month."

"No. You can stay here tonight, though."

"I already paid for the room in El Centro."

After arriving back at the Hotel Santiago, the girl at the front desk let him know that the woman who was supposed to meet him there had cancelled.

It was raining again—raining hard. Fast-flowing paths of water were already rushing through the grooves of the curbs as Ed walked back to the main road and caught a camion back to the Walmart as darkness fell. His plan was to get off the bus near the Subway and get a sandwich before going back to the hotel in El Centro, but he accidentally got off a half-mile too soon. The tropical rains were entering a total downpour as he passed ice cream shops, al pastor rotisseries, and hotels he should have been staying at instead. Instead of the one in El Centro. His feet were sliding in and out of his sandals and it was becoming impossible to keep dry underneath his dinky umbrella. But he eventually made it to the Subway and got his footlong sandwich to go.

The bus stops along the main drag were scant, and the system for catching a camion to one's destination seemed rather loose. From what Ed could gather, the buses would stop at any non-official point along the road, dependent on whether those en route to an official stop were able to discern the bus they needed to catch and flag it down as it heaved up the long stretch of Miguel de la Madrid. However, this system was proving ineffective in dark, rainy conditions, as it was difficult to see the number on the placard jammed in the dashboard.

Ed mistakenly flagged down the wrong bus twice as he walked in the direction of El Centro, looking back intermittently for the one or six. The street lamps were few to non-existent; the main source of available light came from the headlights moving slowly up and down the main road, windshield wipers on high, visibility low all around. Between the road and sidewalk, deep trenches of water were building up, and when a number six finally arrived and pulled as close to the sidewalk as possible, Ed was forced to wade in to his shins to board.

"Va al Centro?" Ed asked.

"Sí," the driver replied, hand out, no look over.

"I think you will maybe not like this area. But El Centro is much worse."

"Crime pretty bad in El Centro?"

"No. Maybe. I don't know. But nobody likes El Centro."

"He focused in as a small sedan on the other side of the street rose gracefully, taken by the current, the driver's dark head visible behind the window, as it was lifted up and dunked stern-hoe, so deep that part of the roof was under water, then carried on as the front end disappeared completely and the trunk bobbed up and floated out of his vision."

Ed placed the change for the fare in his hand and looked in. The bus was full, but there was an open seat directly behind the driver, so Ed went for it and squeezed in next to an obese woman. The camion rumbled ahead slowly, picking others up here and there along the way. As they neared the port, the water on the road was becoming a serious problem. Through the foggy window Ed noticed that many of the cars on both sides had pulled up onto the median, as the street was becoming too overrun with water to drive through. Others were trapped in place where the street was gridlocked, every lane except for the one on the far right, which was reserved for the camiones, but that was where the water was deepest due to the slope.

Ed began asking those around him what was going on. They explained that there was a lagoon opposite the main street and the ocean that overflowed in heavy rain and submerged the city.

"Asi este es normal?"

"Sí, es normal."

The camion pushed through the water as Ed kept a close watch on the outside. It was getting worse and worse. People were fleeing their vehicles and taking refuge on the median and even standing on top of their cars, some of which were now up to their windows in water. Many drivers remained behind the wheel, stuck. And it wasn't stagnant water, either, but a current, flowing in the opposite direction the camion he was on was headed in. The water was actually moving the cars—lifting them up and causing them to bump into each other. He focused in as a small sedan on the other side of the street rose gracefully, taken by the current, the driver's dark head visible behind the window, as it was lifted up and dunked stern-hoe, so deep that part of the roof was under water, then carried on as the front end disappeared completely and the trunk bobbed up and floated out of his vision.

They soonafter reached an intersection that was packed with cars on a somewhat-elevated plane. The driver took an aggressive line through the traffic and pulled up a small street that led up a hill. After putting the camion into park, he stood and faced the passengers and announced that it was too dangerous to go on.

"Demasiado peligroso," he said, making sharp arm movements as he explained that they would have to wait for the water to subside.

The passengers, however, quickly made it known that this was not acceptable. An argument broke out on the bus, with loud spats ringing up, down, and between both sides of the narrow aisle, statements Ed could only pick up pieces of.

"We have to get home."

"He's going to work, he's already late."

"I need to give my mother her medicine, she's waiting for me."

The driver remained calm and addressed the crowd again, reiterating that while he understood their complaints, continuing on was too risky, the water was too deep, it wasn't safe. This caused another uproar from those who had paid their seven pesos and were not content with his decision. The bus driver quieted those aboard and gave another short speech in a more solemn tone, again making it clear that he would not go on, that it simply wasn't an option in these conditions. A large man with a thick

black mustache, wearing a muscle-shirt and a red do-rag, then stood up from the back and walked to the center of the bus.

"If you won't drive the bus," he said, pointing at the driver then at himself, "I will drive the bus."

The driver raised his arms, made the sign of the cross, sat down, and reversed the camion back down the hill.

They pressed on through the flood; the on-board chatter became livelier.

"Este, *realmente*, es normal?" Ed again asked the obese woman seated next to him.

"Sí," she said calmly, "es normal."

The engine churned loudly. The camion's movements were inconsistent and forward progress was made in throbbing lurches at low speed through the high water. Ed continued to watch the siege from the window but couldn't figure out where they were in relation to El Centro. Others around him, however, were aware of where Ed was going, as he had made this known before so to not miss his stop, and politely notified him when it was up.

"Aqui! Gringo, aqui!"

Ed stood and waddled to the front and readied his umbrella—evidently the only one getting off in El Centro. As the bus was slowing to a stop several passengers began calling out to him, trying to tell him something—something he wasn't able to discern in full due to his limited Spanish. But it was clear that they were warning him about something.

"Tenga cuidado!"

"Que?" he asked as he took the first step down.

"Atento a los caimanes."

Ed didn't know what the word *caimanes* meant in English. "Caimanes? No entiendo 'caimanes' . . . que es un caimane?"

"Los caimanes," a man at the front repeated as Ed prepared to step out. "Lagartos . . . alligators."

"Ya-wuh—*alligators?*"

"Sí," several others affirmed, nodding, as, apparently, when the lagoon flooded as a result of heavy rain, alligators were known to ride the water into the city, pop up randomly, and disappear some sad sap now and again.

Ed thanked them and took a deep breath and stuck the end of his umbrella out the swinging door of the camion and plunged into thigh-high water, then the bus carried on and he was at once alone in the dark, sunken streets of El Centro.

He waded through it slowly, holding his shorts up at the groin with one hand, his Subway sandwich and umbrella up with the other, as he crossed the street and eyed the surface of the water for any sign of alligators. Wouldn't stand much of a chance regardless, he figured. It would come from underneath, likely because he accidentally kicked it in the head, then grab a leg and do that rolling-twist move as he screamed into the deaf rain and got dragged under and faded in and out of consciousness only to endure a slow, painful death here in El Centro, to be picked apart by displaced bog and ocean creatures large and small throughout the night and into the next day until someone on cleanup stumbled upon his corpse and alerted the Colima authorities who would send his body to Mexico City to be identified and where an autopsy would be performed by someone who would elect someone else to call his parents and inform them that the results indicated that he was, indeed, tragically, torn apart by alligators in Colima. *Where?* Manzanillo. *Is that a city?* The initial incident occurred in El Centro. *Why were there alligators in the center of the city?* Well, El Centro is not really a central area. *This all seems so strange*. It's normal, ma'am.

On the other side of the street was a tiled walkway lining a row of boutiques, with a roof overhead and water that was not quite as deep. Ed made it over and could now jump from spot to spot without having to wade into deeper parts. At a safe space under the overhang of a 7-Eleven, with the Hotel Hidalgo in view ahead, Ed waited and took a moment, thinking about what he was going back to: a roach-infested hotel with stinky, bird-poop-stained windows and disgusting bedding. If it was a small alligator, though. Minor maim. Cool scar. Comfy hospital bed. Better story. . . .

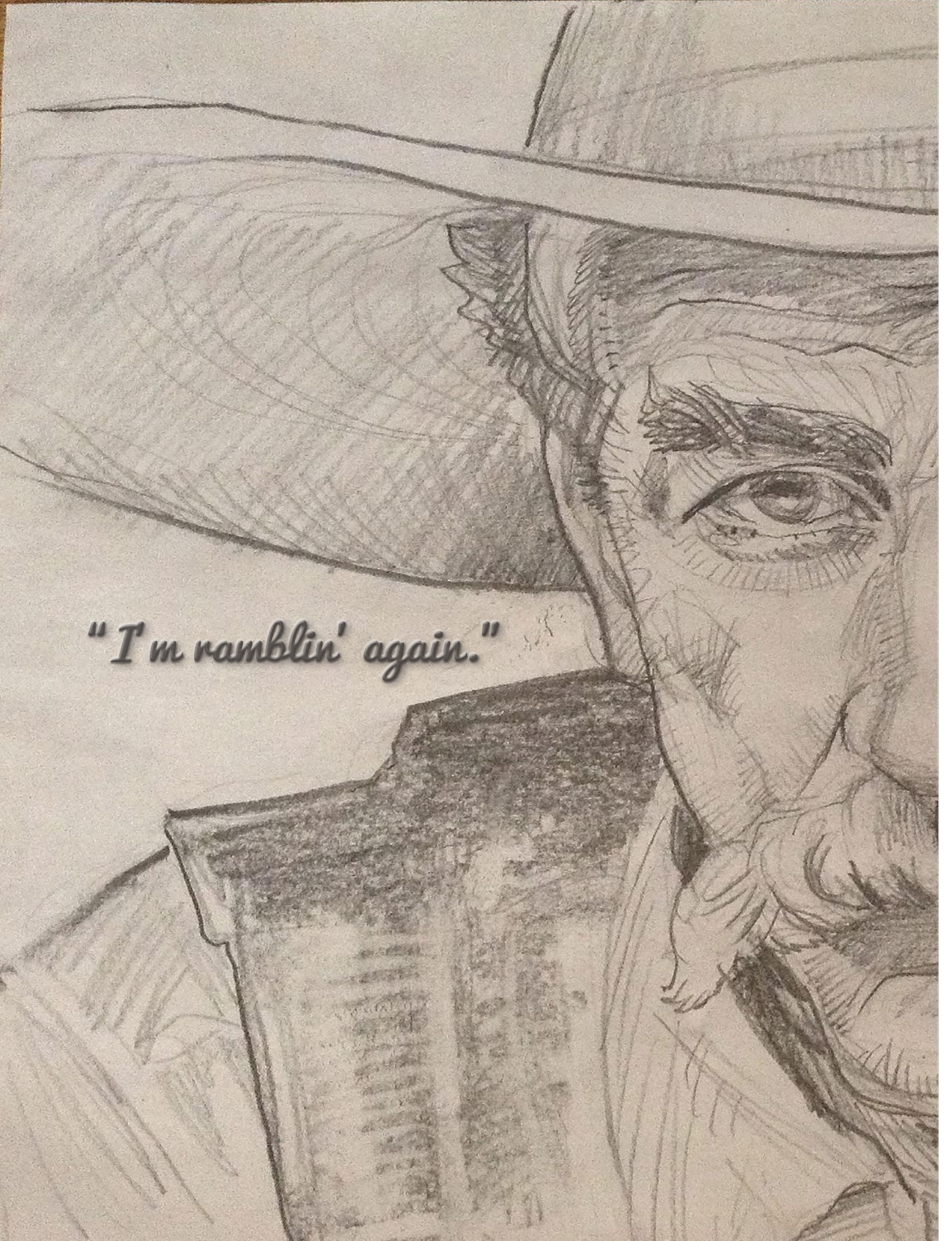
The front desk guy was sitting at the table in the open-air entrance under the sign.

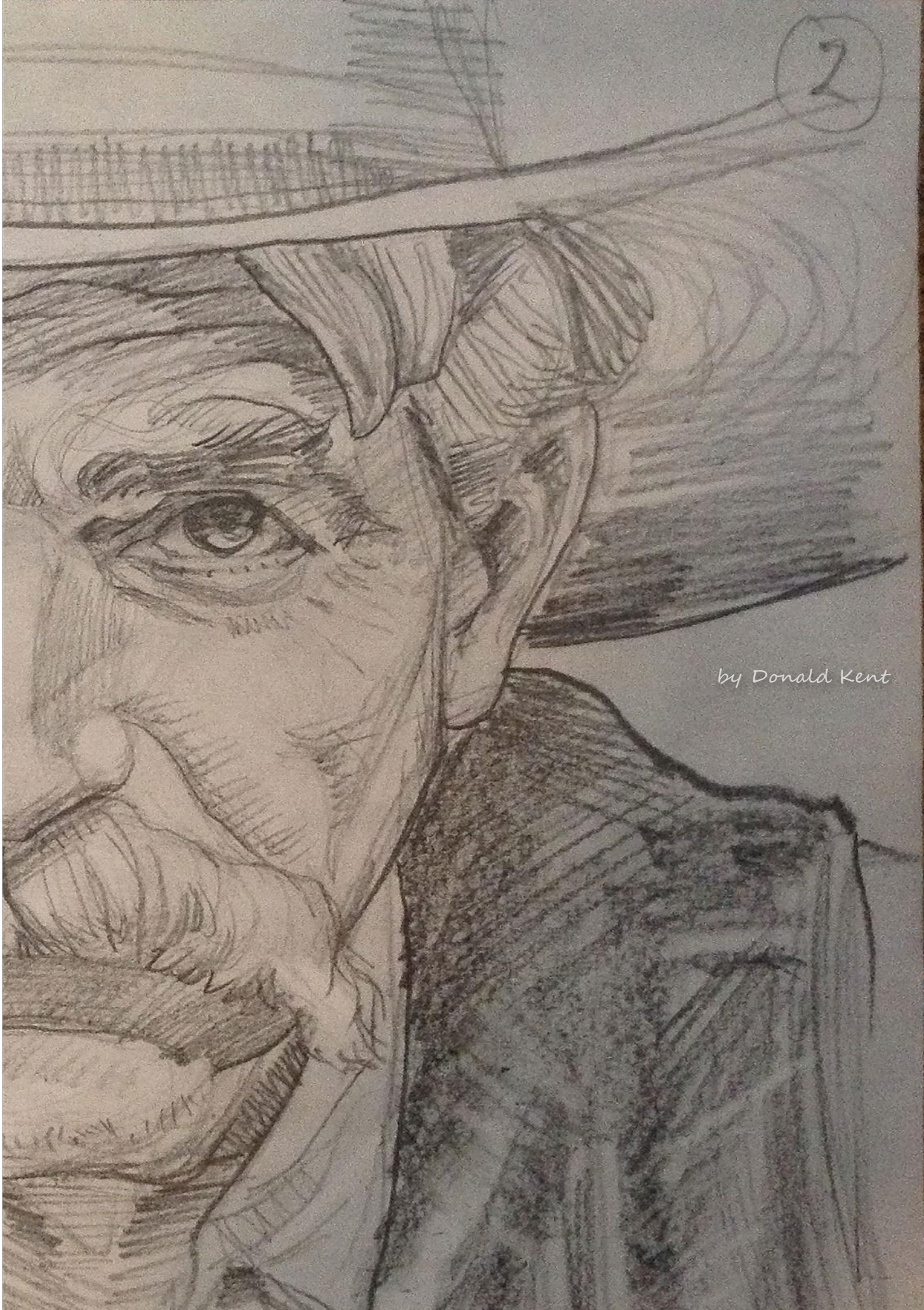
"Find an apartment, Chicago?"

Ed stepped in out from under the rain and shook out the umbrella. "Nope."

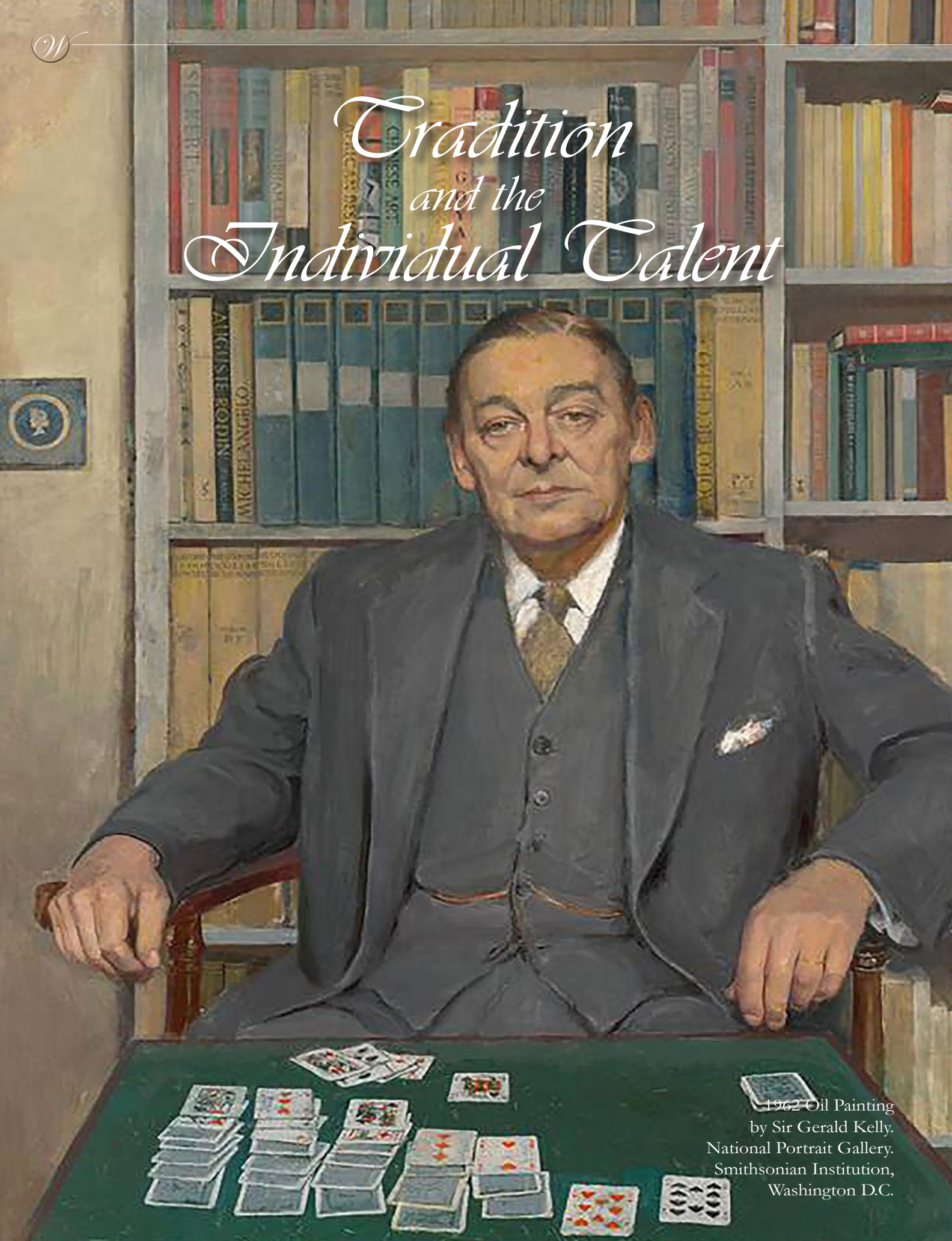
He put the key in the lock and opened the door and flipped on the light to see a half-dozen cockroaches scatter. He turned on the TV and sat on the edge of the bed: Chiapas vs Puebla.

Eat Fresh. ■


"I'm ramblin' again."


2
by Donald Kent

Tradition and the Individual Talent



1962 Oil Painting
by Sir Gerald Kelly.
National Portrait Gallery.
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington D.C.

The famous essay by

T.S. Eliot

Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888 – 1965) was a poet, literary critic, essayist, classicist, and publisher, frequently associated with Modernism, and most famous for his poems "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (1915) and The Waste Land (1922), his collection Four Quartets (1943), and his many essays, including the one to follow, "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919). Born into an elite Boston family, Eliot was the youngest of six children and began writing poetry at an early age. He attended Harvard College, where he studied literature and philosophy, before continuing his education at the Sorbonne in Paris and then returning to Harvard in 1911 to study Indic philosophy and Sanskrit. A self-identified "Anglo-Catholic," Eliot acquired British citizenship in 1927, renounced his American citizenship in turn, and would remain forever tied to his ancestral roots in England.

"Tradition and the Individual Talent" is the one of the seminal literary essays of the 20th century. Although he speaks most often *to* "the poet," Eliot speaks *of* the artist in general, and in particular his desire to stand out from his predecessors. But Eliot also emphasizes *the essence of the artist*, and the role and responsibility he has to his culture, both past and present:

> "[T]he historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order."

Thus "tradition" to Eliot involves a synthesis between the "temporal and [...] the timeless." The artist is not someone whose value is represented by his own work, but by his work in relation to that which came before, as his work will be judged against that of his forebears. While the artist may believe he is creating something new, he is not; he his the product of larger whole, whose faculties mature with time and experience, and who only becomes great by making himself a "more finely perfected medium" through which matters of artistic expression are conveyed. To Eliot, it is that maturity and the deeper understanding of one's place that separates "the man who suffers and the mind which creates."

On the topics of emotion and how "greatness" in art is defined, Eliot says: "it is not the 'greatness,' the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place, that counts." Indeed, the artistic process is not ultimately about the poet, the writer, or the artist and their individual personality, because they are conveying their ideas through historic, or traditional, art forms: "the poet has, not a 'personality' to express, but a particular medium, which is only a medium and not a personality, in which impressions and experiences combine in peculiar and unexpected ways."

The artist seeks to attain or induce a higher emotional state among himself and his followers; he strives to reach that next level and help others reach it with him. But, according to Eliot, instead of devising a new emotional framework, the artist is at his best when working within one that is already established. Moreover, attempts at novelty do not always produce positive results, and may in fact lead to the degredation of art: "One error, in fact, of eccentricity in poetry is to seek for new human emotions to express; and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the perverse. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all."

What Eliot then advocates is that the artist rely not on emotion, memory, conscious meaning, or acute recollection, but to concentrate on the subconscious and spiritual, accept that he is carrying on a tradition, and find a balance between the past and the present. Going on to conclude that the poet "is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past."

Other Notable Works by T.S. Eliot

- "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (1915)
- The Waste Land (1922)
- "The Hollow Men" (1925)
- "Ash Wednesday" (1930)
- Four Quartets (1943)
- Murder in the Cathedral (1935)
- The Cocktail Party (1949)

Nobel Prize in Literature (1948)

I

In English writing we seldom speak of tradition, though we occasionally apply its name in deploring its absence. We cannot refer to "the tradition" or to "a tradition"; at most, we employ the adjective in saying that the poetry of So-and-so is "traditional" or even "too traditional." Seldom, perhaps, does the word appear except in a phrase of censure. If otherwise, it is vaguely approbative, with the implication, as to the work approved, of some pleasing archæological reconstruction. You can hardly make the word agreeable to English ears without this comfortable reference to the reassuring science of archæology.

Certainly the word is not likely to appear in our appreciations of living or dead writers. Every nation, every race, has not only its own creative, but its own critical turn of mind; and is even more oblivious of the shortcomings and limitations of its critical habits than of those of its creative genius. We know, or think we know, from the enormous mass of critical writing that has appeared in the French language the critical method or habit of the French; we only conclude (we are such unconscious people) that the French are "more critical" than we, and sometimes even plume ourselves a little with the fact, as if the French were the less spontaneous. Perhaps they are; but we might remind ourselves that criticism is as inevitable as breathing, and that we should be none the worse for articulating what passes in our minds when we read a book and feel an emotion about it, for criticizing our own minds in their work of criticism. One of the facts that might come to light in this process is our tendency to insist, when we praise a poet, upon those aspects of his work in which he least resembles anyone else. In these aspects or parts of his work we pretend to find what is individual, what is the peculiar essence of the man. We dwell with satisfaction upon the poet's difference from his predecessors, especially his immediate predecessors; we endeavour to find something that can be isolated in order to be enjoyed. Whereas if we approach a poet without this prejudice we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously. And I do not mean the impressionable period of adolescence, but the period of full maturity.

Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, "tradition" should positively be discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sand; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his

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No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of æsthetic, not merely historical, criticism. The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not one-sided; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature, will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities.

In a peculiar sense he will be aware also that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past. I say judged, not amputated, by them; not judged to be as good as, or worse or better than, the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics. It is a judgment, a comparison, in which two things are measured by each other. To conform merely would be for the new work not really to conform at all; it would not be new, and would therefore not be a work of art. And we do not quite say that the new is more valuable because it fits in; but its fitting in is a test of its value—a test, it is true, which can only be slowly and cautiously applied, for we are none of us infallible judges of conformity. We say: it appears to conform, and is perhaps individual, or it appears individual, and may conform; but we are hardly likely to find that it is one and not the other.

To proceed to a more intelligible exposition of the relation of the poet to the past: he can neither take the past as a lump, an indiscriminate bolus, nor can he form himself wholly on one or two private admirations, nor can he form himself wholly upon one preferred period. The first course is inadmissible, the second is an important experience of youth, and the third is a pleasant and highly desirable supplement. The poet must be very conscious of the main current, which does not at all flow invariably through the most distinguished reputations. He must be quite aware of the obvious fact that art never improves, but that the material of art is never quite the same. He must be aware that the mind of Europe—the mind of his own country—a mind which he learns in time to be much more important than his own private mind—is a mind which changes, and that this change is a development which abandons nothing *en route*, which does not superannuate either Shakespeare, or Homer, or the rock drawing of the Magdalenian draughtsmen. That this development, refinement perhaps, complication certainly,

is not, from the point of view of the artist, any improvement. Perhaps not even an improvement from the point of view of the psychologist or not to the extent which we imagine; perhaps only in the end based upon a complication in economics and machinery. But the difference between the present and the past is that the conscious present is an awareness of the past in a way and to an extent which the past's awareness of itself cannot show.

Some one said: "The dead writers are remote from us because we *know* so much more than they did." Precisely, and they are that which we know.

I am alive to a usual objection to what is clearly part of my programme for the *métier* of poetry. The objection is that the doctrine requires a ridiculous amount of erudition (pedantry), a claim which can be rejected by appeal to the lives of poets in any pantheon. It will even be affirmed that much learning deadens or perverts poetic sensibility. While, however, we persist in believing that a poet

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ought to know as much as will not encroach upon his necessary receptivity and necessary laziness, it is not desirable to confine knowledge to whatever can be put into a useful shape for examinations, drawing-rooms, or the still more pretentious modes of publicity. Some can absorb knowledge, the more tardy must sweat for it. Shakespeare acquired more essential history from Plutarch than most men could from the whole British Museum. What is to be insisted upon is that the poet must develop or procure the consciousness of the past and that he should continue to develop this consciousness throughout his career.

What happens is a continual surrender of himself as he is at the moment to something

which is more valuable. The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality.

There remains to define this process of depersonalization and its relation to the sense of tradition. It is in this depersonalization that art may be said to approach the condition of science. I shall, therefore, invite you to consider, as a suggestive analogy, the action which takes place when a bit of finely filiated platinum is introduced into a chamber containing oxygen and sulphur dioxide.

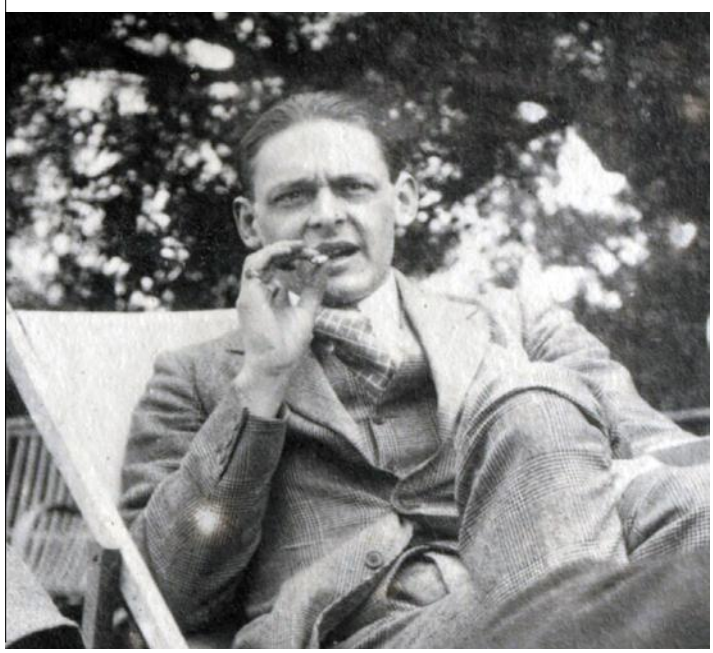
The poet's mind is in fact a receptacle for seizing and storing up numberless feelings, phrases, images, which remain there until all the particles which can unite to form a new compound are present together.

II

Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation is directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry. If we attend to the confused cries of the newspaper critics and the susurrus of popular repetition that follows, we shall hear the names of poets in great numbers; if we seek not Blue-book knowledge but the enjoyment of poetry, and ask for a poem, we shall seldom find it. In the last article I tried to point out the importance of the relation of the poem to other poems by other authors, and suggested the conception of poetry as a living whole of all the poetry that has ever been written. The other aspect of this Impersonal theory of poetry is the relation of the poem to its author. And I hinted, by an analogy, that the mind of the mature poet differs from that of the immature one not precisely in any valuation of "personality," not being necessarily more interesting, or having "more to say," but rather by being a more finely perfected medium in which special, or very varied, feelings are at liberty to enter into new combinations.

The analogy was that of the catalyst. When the two gases previously mentioned are mixed in the presence of a filament of platinum, they form sulphurous acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected; has remained inert, neutral, and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate upon the experience of the man himself; but, the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material.

The experience, you will notice, the elements which enter the presence of the transforming catalyst, are of two kinds: emotions and feelings. The effect of a work of art upon the person who enjoys it is an experience



different in kind from any experience not of art. It may be formed out of one emotion, or may be a combination of several; and various feelings, inhering for the writer in particular words or phrases or images, may be added to compose the final result. Or great poetry may be made without the direct use of any emotion whatever: composed out of feelings solely. Canto XV of the *Inferno* (Brunetto Latini) is a working up of the emotion evident in the situation; but the effect, though single as that of any work of art, is obtained by considerable complexity of detail. The last quatrain gives an image, a feeling attaching to an image, which "came," which did not develop simply out of what precedes, but which was probably in suspension in the poet's mind until the proper combination arrived for it to add itself to. The poet's mind is in fact a receptacle for seizing and storing up numberless feelings, phrases, images, which remain there until all the particles which can unite to form a new compound are present together.

If you compare several representative passages of the greatest poetry you see how great is the variety of types of combination, and also how completely any semi-ethical criterion of "sublimity" misses the mark. For it is not the "greatness," the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place, that counts. The episode of Paolo and Francesca employs a definite emotion, but the intensity of the poetry is something quite different from whatever intensity in the supposed experience it may give the impression of. It is no more intense, furthermore, than Canto XXVI, the voyage of Ulysses, which has not the direct dependence upon an emotion. Great variety is possible in the process of transmutation of emotion: the murder of Agamemnon, or the agony of Othello, gives an artistic effect apparently closer to a possible original than the scenes from Dante. In the *Agamemnon*, the artistic emotion approximates to the emotion of an actual spectator; in *Othello* to the emotion of the protagonist himself. But the difference between art and the event is always absolute; the combination which is the murder of Agamemnon is probably as complex as that which is the voyage of Ulysses. In either case there has been a fusion of elements. The ode of Keats contains a number of feelings which have nothing particular to do with the nightingale, but which the nightingale, partly, perhaps, because of its attractive name, and partly because of its reputation, served to bring together.

For it is not the "greatness," the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place, that counts.

The point of view which I am struggling to attack is perhaps related to the metaphysical theory of the substantial unity of the soul: for my meaning is, that the poet has, not a "personality" to express, but a particular medium, which is only a medium and not a personality, in which impressions and experiences combine in peculiar and unexpected ways. Impressions and experiences which are important for the man may take no place in the poetry, and those which become important in the poetry may play quite a negligible part in the man, the personality.

I will quote a passage which is unfamiliar enough to be regarded with fresh attention in the light—or darkness—of these observations:

And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doating on her beauty, though her death
Shall be revenged after no common action.
Does the silkworm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships
For the poor benefit of a bewildering minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing—keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?...

Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality.

In this passage (as is evident if it is taken in its context) there is a combination of positive and negative emotions: an intensely strong attraction toward beauty and an equally intense fascination by the ugliness which is contrasted with it and which destroys it. This balance of contrasted emotion is in the dramatic situation to which the speech is pertinent, but that situation alone is inadequate to it. This is, so to speak, the structural emotion, provided by the drama. But the whole effect, the dominant tone, is due to the fact that a number of floating feelings, having an affinity to this emotion by no means superficially evident, have combined with it to give us a new art emotion.

It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. One error, in fact, of eccentricity in poetry is to seek for new human emotions to express; and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the perverse. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all. And emotions which he has never experienced will serve his turn as well as those familiar to him. Consequently, we must believe that "emotion recollected in tranquility" is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquility. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all; it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation. These experiences are not "recollected," and they finally unite in an atmosphere which is "tranquil" only in that it is a passive attending upon the event. Of course this is not quite the whole story. There is a great deal, in the writing of poetry, which must be conscious and deliberate. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious where he ought to be conscious, and conscious where he ought to be unconscious. Both errors tend to make him "personal."

Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.

III

δ δε νους ισως Θειοτερον τι και απαθες εστιν

This essay proposes to halt at the frontier of metaphysics or mysticism, and confine itself to such practical conclusions as can be applied by the responsible person interested in poetry. To divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim: for it would conduce to a juster estimation of actual poetry, good and bad. There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is expression of *significant* emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living. ■

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Prepared by MagCloud for Tony Vermont. Get more at tonyvermont.magcloud.com.